

# THE KNICKERBOCKER.

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## T R A V E L L E R S .

BY JACQUES MAURICE.

'HERE is a silly, stately style, indeed!  
The Turk, that two and fifty kingdoms hath,  
Writes not so tedious a style as this.' — HENRY IV.

'Indeed, the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me, is a most humorous sadness.' — AS YOU LIKE IT.

'What I ses I ses, and what I ses I sticks to.' — MRS. HARRIS.

THERE have been many travellers. Of the more reliable we have Munchausen, whose thoroughly honest nature scorned the similitude, even, of a lie; Riley, whose pious heart knew no deceit; Trollope, the loveliest character since the time of Eve. The worthy Baron (worthy in all things good) has come of late to lose somewhat of the credit which before attached to him: indeed, many have thought it proper to class him with the mendacious nursery historians, whose hurtful fables so deprave the mind. How poignant the regret of all the juster sort, that so much goodness hath been preached against, so much greatness called by other names! His was a character to emulate, his a mind to revere. The sights HEAVEN favored him with, shall others see them? his story, will it ever be surpassed? Why should the mind reject the more marvellous of his tales? That they are wonderful, is to be deemed no common proof of their faithfulness: for to have seen those things, were with a man of sense the strongest inducement to the overcoming of that common repugnance to the making of books, which hath all along hindered the spread of learning. Let us not lightly esteem the man of genius. What though the Baron's fancy lightened somewhat the heavier portions of his task: forgive me, thou insulted Shade! if I have mentioned the Impossible, and thus seemed to sneer: how benevolent the design! how innocent the fond conception! So the great Trollope, mindless of the stricter critics, softened all the sterner

features of our western life, and bathed the brows of each back-woodsman in a perpetual halo. Thousands are blessing her for this, with every breath they draw. And Riley, piouslest of captains, wept and wondered, then wondered, wept again, that he was saved to tell of that miraculous path, with wavy walls about thirty feet apart; and should we marvel that in his hands the 'wonder grew,' when with it grew the goodness that worked the miracle for which he was so grateful? Let Munchausen rest: and sweet be his slumbers. Of his post-mundane travels how shall the tale enchant that world to which it will have been submitted!

There is a story was writ by one Gulliver, wherein he told what had befallen him in journeys seaward and by land. So pleasingly did he entice the willing reader, this latter knew not of the spell that bound him, until alack! he reached the end, and then breathed freer. The tale is mostly true, however much some captious ones have cried with taunting bitterness: 'Show us this land where grow the pygmies, and that other which doth breed the huger giants; for we ourselves, having sailed that way, do aver that we have never seen such manner of thing.' These do not reflect that years, O many and long years! have passed since Lemuel wrote: and why may not these antipodean races, knowing each through him where lay the other's land, have crossed the sea and mingled into one?—or each have perished in the crossing; or died from some fell plague ere ever a bark was launched; or sunk in the deluging waves when the idea was a-conceiving? There are no Lilliputians now: no Brobdignagian giants have been seen of late, if we may not believe that they of Patagonia are the descendants of such: (which latter is not too bold a supposition, seeing that the land goes near to be the very same, and the men, when brave Magellan wrote, had not by much decreased in size.) With an inglorious pride of unbelief too, these carping skeptics affect to be merry over what they are pleased to term the 'mistake' of Gulliver, in making the pygmies no larger than the general thumb. Now see how prone to unbelief are the unthinking! For how narrowly did he escape destruction from their arrows: which, had they been larger by so much as a single hair, or sent with force only a grain the greater, must assuredly have killed him! So vanish all and kindred the clouds of sophistry in the light of reason; so melts the ice of incredulity in the genial sun of charity!

Of the archer fablists, they whom no good man will trust, is Mungo Park. Undoubtedly of Scotch descent, his mind partook of the imaginative character which is so marked a peculiarity of the inhabitants of Scotland. Indeed, we may find in his surname, the one by which he is known but not the true one, the directest proof of this. When but little more than an infant-in-arms, and ere his childish accent had adjusted itself to the niceties of the exquisitest Scotch inflexion, we find the wish which distinguishes the Traveller already uppermost in his mind. He vexed his tender-hearted mother with the most urgent and unseasonable entreaties to be allowed to travel. With infantile economy of syllables see him running about, at times ejaculating in a sort of feeble and disconsolate wail, the words, 'Maun go! maun go!' as it were the affecting expression of a foregone conclusion! Hence the deri-

sory and corrupted appellation, 'M'ungo.' How singular the vagaries which possess the youthful mind ! While his years were yet few, but when his body had attained to something like the required maturity, behold him yielding up the cherished dreams of a life and joining the artillery. Such was the ardor with which he embraced this new pursuit, that the feebleness of his time experienced what seems at this more sober day a sort of fiendish delight in complimenting him with the stinging and multiplying appellation, 'A Park of artillery.' Being with most military men in every age almost devoured by excessive pride, it is easy to conceive why this, of all wretched conceits, should have disgusted him with the army. Determined to distinguish himself in some way, as a means of rescuing his character from the despoiling hands of his enemies, behold him next on the Gold-coast of Africa ; in the garb of a traveller, indeed, but with no other claim to the title than the directest voyage thither could give him. With a love of money that will strongly incline many to favor the idea of some other pater- nity than that just claimed for him, we find him humbugging the Foolahs and Ashantees out of a vast many wedges of gold and abundant dust. Seated in the lowly edifice which shields the native from the mid-day sun, he drives a canny bargain, and closes the grateful labors of the day with a chapter of his travels, a hymn of thanksgiving, and a last affectionate pressure of the largest of his bags of shining ore. The 'Niger River,' then, remains a mystery. Its mouth, though never so ready, has yet to open to us its vast proportions ; and its head, unlike that of the phoenix, refuses to emerge from the sand which forms the soil of that fabulous country. So obstinate was Park, in clinging to every detail of his first marvellous revelation that he might preserve for it the prestige of accuracy, that no persuasion, nor even the threats of his publisher, could induce him to so amend the orthography of his pet river's name, by the insertion of the needed 'g,' as to make it national, and suggestive of the race which peopled its banks. It seemed even, to his graver mind — so different from the general one of that nation of jokers to which he belonged — a species of unpardonable trifling, utterly unworthy even a much lighter theme. So much and more have we known the real interests of science to suffer from the vain whims of a capricious will !

Among the more imaginative of the modern writers of fictitious travels should be ranked the Baron von Humboldt. The original name of this individual was Bolt ; and he is one of that numerous family to the bosom of which the renowned traveller Sir Benjamin Bolt returned, after years of absence, finding dead many of his early associates ; among them his fair kinswoman, 'sweet Alice,' as she was used to be fondly termed by the neighbors. From the glaringly baseless nature of his visional fabrics, the Baron came to be known as 'Humbug Bolt ;' which in itself is not so singular an appellation, since it finds a parallel in the well-known 'Humbug Barnum.' Calling to mind a familiar contraction, we are led at once to 'Hum' Bolt. The last addition, the letter 'd' in the present orthography of the name, was made by the aristocratic Baroness, who, when they came to be endowed with a title, could not think of recognizing in any way the poorer remainder of the

family, and so Bol(d)t-ed them out. Unused to the confining of his splendid intellect to a bare recital of the uninteresting incidents of a journey, he does not fail to graft new graces upon the style of his predecessor, the Baron Munchausen. But alas! the reader's delight is all along painfully lessened by the consciousness that no reliance whatever can with safety be placed on most of his author's statements. It is only when his facts are corroborated by those of more reliable travellers, we find reason for believing he ever travelled at all. Perhaps the most charming of his descriptions, charming because our delight is not restrained by doubt, is that of the island on which Peter Wilkins found a home and a flying household. Humboldt discovered several of the pegs still left in the sward on which Mr. Wilkins made his net. He observed also near the fire-place a portion of a graundee, (undoubtedly a clipping,) which evidently had been used in dusting the hearth. Among the more pleasing portions of the Baron's writings may be mentioned his description of the island on which the Robinson family, of Switzerland, spent a few years so pleasantly. He corroborates in the minutest particular the former accounts of its extraordinary fruitfulness: and eats part of a strawberry much larger than any which formerly grew there. That favorite spot, upon which Nature bestows the productions of all the zones, is now uninhabited. A colony of three men and an equal number of ladies in delicate health, or four men and a boy, could be happy there: and in case of attack, how easy to fly to the glistening cave in the rock! Aside from the passages mentioned, the works of Humboldt are absolutely destitute of reliable information. It is a matter of regret with the right-thinking that this author should not have directed his really fine talents from their present unprofitable channel, into one devoted rather to the poetry of statistics than statistical poetry. Let us congratulate ourselves and the reading world, that some authors exhibit that honesty, that love of truth, not to mention the self-denial, which are requisite in the more serious walks of literature.

Now I myself have travelled: and the world shall one day read an history, the like of which hath not been writ of late. Such a work is not to be compassed in a week; but, that the literary palate may be informed of that delectable feast, shall I not afford some savory morsel?

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WHEN I was in Italy, the Pope had a cold. A rumor was current that in a fit of squeamishness he had been unable to familiarize himself with the idea of soiling a new and particularly fine handkerchief which had been presented him by a favorite Cardinal; and having no other near, had been forced to relieve the obstructed passages in the vulgar manner. His mind and tears having at length subsided into their usual channels, the man was hung who gave the first impetus to the story. The lesson was not lost on me: I came to reverence the papal character to that degree, that when I dined off a fowl I spared the Pope's Nose, and laid it carefully to one side with my thumb and finger.

With one or another of the princes of that place, I used to frequent the room in which was shown the Vatican — a large picture, executed two hundred years before, by one of the more tolerable among the

daubers of those times. On the back of it appears in various places the word 'Mike;' which, upon inquiry, I learned was the familiar diminutive by which this painter was known: whose family name, 'Angelo,' has singularly enough been also preserved. He was so unfortunate as to have the ridiculous conviction that he could paint; for had he possessed none of the insane ambition which characterized him, he might have earned a sure and honest livelihood by the graining of doors and painting of signs. So infatuated do men become in the contemplation of themselves! It would seem, from the reading of the not always reliable records of that age, that the ridiculous pretensions of this fellow were recognized by quite a number of the lesser *cognoscenti*, and were so preposterously fortunate as to meet the approval of the Pope himself. About the period of his best success, (for so it may not be amiss to term it,) he went out and built him a little shed, a kind of shanty, in the suburbs of the town, where he finished his greater 'works,' as he was pleased to name them. The roof had a narrow slit in it, through which, from the smallness of the space within, it was necessary to slide the canvas as the work progressed, commencing, as he always did, at the top. After his death—to which event we may readily conceive he was quite resigned, with the consciousness of eighteen thousand wretched daubs weighing on his mind—the little clique of pretentious critics which had clung to him and now worshipped his memory, projected the absurdity of converting his rural shed into a temple. Throwing up a spire from one corner, (which they afterward took down,) and a dome from the middle—which the plasterer, who modelled it, got quite too large the first time—they called it 'St. Peter's': keeping a man pacing about it continually, and sleeping in it at night, to prevent the indigent and not over-scrupulous populace from stealing the boards. It is said already, this man has wounded several with his bayonet. Once a year a carpenter is sent out, who gives the edifice a thorough overhauling, and stops the leaks in the roof. As he is paid for half-a-day's work, no matter how brief the time actually consumed, he has come to practise quite an imposition on the authorities, and has not been known of late to come home a moment before the expiration of the time. This is the heaviest expense the state is called to meet; and were it removed, with the consequent onerous taxation, it is thought by most the country would assuredly prosper. As the case is, we see how it languishes: the red hats of the Cardinals alone (to speak now of other drains on the treasury) costing above two dollars a-piece for the better kinds. It cannot be doubted that the existence of the state is mainly owing to the high tone of morals pervading the better classes, and the incorruptible honesty of the *lazzaroni*. With the exception of the same class in Ireland, these latter are the finest peasantry in the world. Their neat and cleanly appearance is attributed as much to the bent of the national taste as to the astonishing cheapness of washing materials. Their uniformly quiet and respectful demeanor has not failed to elicit the encomiums of travellers. I can say with truth, I did not give them a copper during the whole of my stay in their country. I felt that here was no place for the offering of these petty alms. I knew and respected their shrinkingly delicate, nice feelings.

There are many ruins in Italy, in a state of excellent preservation. There is one called the Coliseum, in which the imaginative have discovered some resemblance to a modern circus. What must stagger the theory of these, unless we suppose a class of performances quite different from the modern, is the smallness of the arena ; which in some parts I found to be but ten feet across. Here, it is said, were exhibited animals called Gladiators : common enough in those days, but now extinct, if we may not except the meaner species of that class, termed pugilists. The gladiator went on its hinder legs, and bore a general resemblance to the human being ; having an almost human fondness for personal encounters, single combats, and trials of strength. The Emperor Nero took a great deal of interest in these pleasing creatures ; and being the impersonation of kindness, was particular to have them well cared for. Such was their eagerness to excel, and merit in some faint degree his overwhelming kindness, they not unfrequently injured one another, and thus made a harmless amusement to wear somewhat of a sanguinary complexion. But these unnatural exertions, so far from giving the Emperor pleasure, in their affecting result would often move him to tears. Many times, unable longer to endure the dreadful sight, he has been known to clap his hands and cry, 'Go in ! go in !' upon which, in a little while, they generally went, or were carried in to their several stalls and properly cared for. To the kindest of hearts Nero added many and splendid accomplishments. He was an excellent musician, and his passion for the violin was so absorbing as to give it the appearance of a selfish indulgence. Happening one day, while in the midst of a favorite composition, to discover the city all in flames, he found it impossible to lay down his instrument until, to his distress, he learned it was quite too late to assist in saving anything. Nero had his enemies : so had Richard the Third. Many are unreasonably prejudiced against him, even at the present day. They execrate his memory, and name dogs after him.

Italy was first cleared and cultivated by two peaceful husbandmen, Romulus and Remus by name, the original and undoubted Damon and Pythias. Their amiable characters have been the theme of the historian and the poet. Reclining on a grassy bank, and eyeing their flocks at intervals, they discoursed of Poetry — of the 'art of sinking,' in which they were the completest masters — and Angels ; or piped the tenderest madrigals in alternate strains. Since their time many excellent men have lived in Italy. At one period this social people invented a very amusing game called the 'Inquisition,' consisting of a series of immensely laughable questions and answers, and resembling, in the usual unexpectedness of the reply, the modern play of 'consequences.' Any one — even Satan — would have laughed at the affected severity of these Inquisitorial wags, and the exquisitely faithful imitations of the different forms of agony by their confederates. To the uninitiated spectator these 'consequences' seemed any thing but pleasant : but we are assured by the Inquisitors themselves — from whom, if from any, we might hope for a reliable statement — that it did them all a deal of good : literally a 'world of good,' as the most died from mere excess of pleasure. Why a pastime so exquisite should have fallen into disuse,



were a difficult question, if we failed to remember the general level of degradation to which the popular mind has since descended. Of course, then, with a gradual elimination of the finer feelings it ought not to excite our wonder if the taste which prompted this refined amusement should vanish too.

AND now, O wondering and delighted reader ! how ought the world and thou to thank me for revealing even so little of those foreign parts wherein I have seen so much ! I could tell thee many things concerning this strange country, that perhaps are not more generally known : but already I may have said enough to induce thee and others to travel the world and see its many wonders : which, it must be confessed, is no mean aim in him who writes an history.

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C O M F O R T .

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BY EMILY C. HUNTINGTON.

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ALL the great earth is full of dreary noises,  
That jar forever on the spirit's ear ;  
Yet down its steepes are borne the angel voices,  
Slow, solemn hymnings, saintly sweet, and clear.

We sing hosanna while the spirit sigheth,  
And say, ' Praise God,' while our poor hearts make moan :  
But angels catch the whisper ere it dieth,  
And sing it full and clear before the throne.

The world is dark, and dismal rains are weeping  
On the cold graves of buried hope and love ;  
Yet calm and pure the starlight white is sleeping  
All our wild sorrow and our fears above.

Oh ! not alone, amid these earthly shadows,  
Walketh the human on its darkening way ;  
White wings are flashing round, and spirit fingers  
Crown its pale brow with blessing, day by day.

And not in vain the beautiful Ideal  
Slips ever from our eager grasp apart ;  
Till yearning toward it from the barren Real,  
We grave its holy image on our heart.

We list the angel chantings till our spirit  
Takes up the cadence of their glorious psalm ;  
Till the heart changes to the shadow o'er it,  
And we grow *like* them, beautiful and calm.

Then, Soul ! be strong, thy heavenly birth-right owning ;  
And wear thy suffering as a starry wreath :  
For past the shore where waves of pain are moaning,  
Lieth thy rest, white wings of peace beneath.

## L I F E .

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHWAB.

BY DELLÉ.

## I.

'GREAT-GRANDMOTHER, grandmother, mother and child,  
In the chamber together the hours beguiled:  
The child plays: on jewels the mother's intent:  
The grandmother spins: great-grandmother bent,  
By the stove is sitting in the easy chair:  
*How sultry and glowing becomes the air!*

## II.

Thus says the child: 'To-morrow's a holiday,  
Then on the green sward I'll dance and play:  
Oh! how will I trip o'er hill and dale,  
And gather the flowers that grow in the vale:  
Oh! dearly I love the meads and dells!  
*Hear ye how the thunder swells?*

## III.

Said the mother: 'To-morrow's a holiday;  
Ah! then we'll feast at the banquet gay!  
My festive garb I now prepare;  
Life has its joy as well as care:  
Brightly will glow the sun in the dells:  
*Hear! again the thunder swells!*

## IV.

The grandmother said: 'T is a holiday,  
But little care I for sport or play;  
The raiment I spin, the meals prepare:  
Oh! life is allied with toil and care!  
Happy is he whom duty impels.  
*Louder still the thunder swells!*

## V.

Great-grandmother spake: 'T is a holiday,  
But I shall only kneel and pray;  
I cannot sing, nor I cannot jest;  
I cannot toil or provide for the rest.  
Then wherefore longer burden the world?  
*Lo! the thunderbolt is hurled!*

## VI.

They heard it not, nor beheld the sight:  
The chamber flames like a sea of light:  
Great-grandmother, grandmother, mother and child,  
Together are struck by the lightning wild:  
One flash — four corpses together lay;  
And to-morrow — *to-morrow's the holiday.*



## A R E Y O U H O N E S T ?

WHEN I went to see our eminent tragedian, Leatherlungs, play Hamlet, I was particularly impressed with the grandeur of his acting in his first scene with the fair Ophelia. He clutched that unfortunate young woman by the hand, and held her hard; then staring at her with eyes that resembled an astonished hippogriff's, he inquired of her in a tone of gurgling pathos, (to be heard only on the stage :) 'Are you honest?' The effect of this was startling. I was not surprised that Ophelia was terror-stricken at the fierceness of Leatherlung's countenance, when he propounded this purely personal question, especially as the sweet creature knew that her father and the king, combining and confederating with her to bamboozle her lover, were watching the interview from behind the wings. I was terrified myself; and fearing that the culmination of the tragedy would quite unnerve me, I left the theatre, and strolled up Broadway, admiring the muscular strength of Leatherlungs, the genius of Shakespeare, and the depth of meaning concealed in the question of Hamlet to Ophelia: 'Are you honest?'

And as that evening I sat in my window in the fifth story of our boarding-house on St. John's Park, (we bachelors used playfully to call that story the Fifth Avenue,) and looked at the stars shining down so changelessly and truthfully on tree and house-top and street, on the just and the unjust, with light so pure and eternal, the same question kept ringing in my ears, and I wished to go forth and ask it of every fair Ophelia I knew.

I am so agile in the Polka and Varsovienne, that I am admitted in all our best society, albeit my lodgings are cheap; and I wish to whisper to my fair friends who are reigning beauties in our Republican court of Gotham, the same startling query: Young ladies! are you honest? You need not toss your pretty head so scornfully, Miss Clementina; you need not rustle that crinoline so indignantly, Miss Arabella; I am not to be put down by the toss of a fan: the impertinent question must be asked.

People are honest in two ways; honest to themselves, honest to others.

I make bold to speak to Miss Coupon first. Every body knows Miss Coupon — that is, every body who goes out of town in the summer knows her. She was gifted by fortune with a fine constitution, a good brain, a handsome presence, a rich father. She was kept for some years at one of our best schools, where accomplishment, solid learning, and moral principles are instilled by the quarter. That is an elegant library of hers, presented by her affectionate mother, (who procured it to be selected by the Rev. Dr. Fogg,) and its books are numerous and well-bound. She may have any thing else she can wish, from a handkerchief to a saddle-horse. She has only to long for an object, and she has it, if money can procure it. She might have some of the moon's silver, if her solemn father could find in market any exchange on that luminary. Every appliance for physical and mental development is at

her hand. And with all these ten talents, Miss Coupon, are you honest to your dear self? I own I was shocked when I met you at the ball lately given at the Academy of Music, for the benefit of the indigent and self-sacrificing directors of that institution. How you are changed from the rosy school-girl, whose books I used to carry of a fine morning! I wish I dared to hiss peremptorily, fiercely, in your ear: 'Are you honest?' Were you made for such a life as you are leading now? Is it ungenteel to regard the laws of health? Should a woman live altogether on champagne and confectionery? Are paste-board slippers the thing for damp pavements? Is early quiet slumber good for the young girl; or is it better to go, as you go, at day-break, to a nervous, vision-haunted somnolence? Was that wonderful body given to you to be ruined by your vanity, ignorance, or wanton neglect? To be sure these are very rude questions — I beg pardon of Miss Prunes for suggesting that you have any physical functions; but when I look at your sallow cheek and sunken eye, and note your quick breath, and poor pinched waist, and think how HEAVEN created you for health and beauty and vigorous womanhood, and how you have robbed yourself of these treasures, I wax indignant, and exceed the bounds of common politeness.

And how is it with your inner life, Miss Coupon? You had a quick wit, a clear vision, fine taste, kind heart, when you were twelve years old. I used to admire you then, and dream of what you might become through generous nurture. Alas! are you honest to that mind and heart of yours? Have you fed them with pure food, strong meat and drink, or have you starved them with skimmed milk? What vapid trash you read when you read at all! What frivolous talk you are talking to young Twaddler now! Of course, we do not expect any thing very brilliant from you at a ball, especially at one so select as this; but Twaddler will testify that you talked no better when he called to see you alone the other evening. I could not wish you to be a book-worm, or a blue; but when you read, can you not commune dutifully with sages and poets of all time, whose words are kindling, quickening; and when you talk, standing as you do between two eternities, can you not now and then take heart of grace, and say what is earnest and noble, that the light within you may shine forth from the tomb wherein Frivolity has immured it, and beam brightly, to the joy of your old friends, and the utter blinding and confusion of young Twaddler? You think I am slow, and tell me to go among the owls with my wisdom. You are not honest enough to pay to Miss Coupon the respect you owe her. You prefer to be a director of the universal exposition of the vanity of women in New-York. You may be promoted to be President of this great institution, some day, and you will realize as much profit as the stock-holders of the Crystal Palace did.

My fair young friends, (without whose smiles this world, etc.,) are you honest to others? I cross to Brooklyn occasionally in a ferry-boat; I register letters in the Post-Office sometimes; I have even been so confiding as to sleep over the boiler of a Mississippi steamboat — may I trust you always?

I used last winter to go every Sunday evening to see my young friend Clara Jute. Miss Clara has fine deep-blue eyes, a brilliant complexion,

and as pretty a figure as you could wish to see. I called on Sunday evening because I was intimate with old Jute, (firm of Jute & Junk, South-street,) and we liked the New-England fashion of seeing one's friends after we had been refreshed by a day of rest. I will confess that I was well pleased with the style in which Clara used to meet me when I dropped in. Those deep-blue eyes would sparkle with delight when I appeared at the door, and as she laid her hand in mine, her cheek would glow with the most delighted suffusion in the world. Then, while old Jute nodded over the New-York Looker-on, we would stray off into a corner where there was not much light, and talk and talk, till the ridiculous little clock yelped out the hour for retiring: and meantime you would have thought that I was Clara's soul's idol, if you had observed the interest with which she listened to my words, and the sympathetic responses she made. I was vain and foolish, and proceeded to build a noble air-palace, in which Clara was queen, and your humble servant prince-consort, and wherein we lived in peace all the rest of our lives. This pleasant custom of quiet Sunday evening talks was kept up for some months, and I was on the very point of whispering my love; when happening in one Thursday evening, Miss Clara told me she had invited a few friends to call sociably — would I wait? Of course I would. So they came, the friends, six couples of them. Imagine my horror when Miss Clara's deep-blue eyes sparkled with the same delight at meeting these six young men as when I came myself. Her cheek was suffused with six successive blushes of genuine pleasure, though I had learned from her own lips that she considered four of the six young gentlemen to be fools. Then she led the six respectively to a cosy corner and talked with each as enthusiastically and tenderly as ever she had talked with me. To one of the four fools she seemed, to my jealous eyes, to be fairly pouring forth her soul. I did not propose to Miss Clara, as you may imagine; but poor Biggs did, as every body knows, and was most contemptuously rejected. Did Biggs proclaim his defeat from the house-tops and in the market-places; or did you, Clara, impart to your babbling acquaintance with full particulars, and numerous well-executed illustrations, his great secret so trustfully confided to your keeping? Are you a female Brigham Young, trying to win twenty husbands? Can you devise no shades of cordiality? or rather does not your vanity and desire for power lead you to greet us foolish men with a warmth not from the heart, with smiles that are deceitful, and blushes that are as false as your mother's teeth, and eye-kindlings that are bog-candles?

My friend Quill is a man of literary tastes. He persists in a most exemplary manner in talking on literary themes in general society. One evening he got well paid for his presumption. He was introduced to a well-dressed young woman at Mrs. Ipecacuanha's great ball, and instead of dancing with her, as he ought to have done, he commenced to discourse with her about his favorite books and characters. The well-dressed young woman declared herself a perfect devotee at the shrine of literature — she revelled in books. Quill thought he had found a rejuvenated Hannah Moore. He became excited by his discovery, and talked fast and well. In browsing together over the fields

of fiction, they came to Scott's Novels, and of course, to Rob Roy. I overheard the following little scene :

QUILL : ' And is not Rob Roy a charming story ? '

YOUNG LADY : ' Oh ! yes, indeed — very charming ! '

QUILL : ' And Die Vernon, what a noble character Die Vernon is ! '

YOUNG LADY : ' Yes, indeed — he is a noble hero : how becoming the kilt must have been to him ! '

Quill was shocked, and so was I when I looked at his haggard face. Not that there is any harm in not having read Rob Roy, or in being ignorant of the sex of the lovely Die Vernon ; but think of the horrible dishonesty of trying to obtain a literary reputation under false pretences, to say nothing of the indelicacy of arraying a lady in a kilt ! O well-dressed young woman, consider how much better than any literary culture, or even high literary fame, is a truthful heart ! You may be gentle and kind and charming, without having read Scott's novels ; you cannot be honest, if, not having read them, you pretend to Quill that you have. Continue to dress well, for dress is becoming to you ; be stupid, if HEAVEN made you so ; but keep your conscience clear, and try, with such optics and might as you have, to discern and do the truth.

My fair reader, (and let me tell you privately, I think you are one of the sweetest girls in America,) when you plighted your troth to Augustus, did you really love that innocent young gentleman, or did you and mamma consider him a pretty fair match, and did papa indorse him and offer him to you, like a bill at sixty days, for your acceptance ? When you met Wilhelmina last evening and kissed her so prettily on each cheek, did you do so because you love Wilhelmina, or simply to impress Augustus with the notion that you are very affectionate and forgiving in your disposition ? Wilhelmina having, as he well knows, spoken evil of you and you having heard of it. And as to the amiable Augustus himself, is there any truth in the story that you keep him off and on, as a last resort in case you should not succeed in your designs upon the fascinating Cræsus ? Do you admire club-men, who are adepts at poker and faro more than the slow coaches who roll on soberly and faithfully in the chosen path of duty ? When your Uncle Peter came from the country to visit this great brick-veneered-with-brown-stone Babel, why did you hide him up-stairs when Augustus called ? As if Peter were not a leviathan, intellectually and morally, as well as physically, when compared with Augustus. Perhaps, considerate young woman, you did not wish to dwarf Augustus by the comparison. Are you really fond of the divine harmonies of music, that you gape so persistently at the opera on every subscription night, and whisper and flirt so regularly at the Philharmonic ? I have heard of your charities, too : how you dance and eat chicken salad, with touching devotion, for the benefit of the poor ; but have you thought of going yourself to the tenement-house, among the very poor, where cold and hunger stalk about with gaunt faces and hollow eyes, and hope and kindness are fairly frozen ? What is charity but love, and how can you profess you love these poor neighbors of yours, when you will only polk for their benefit, and will not go about among them doing good, cheering the faint-hearted, strengthening the struggling soul, nursing the sick, mak-

ing yourself, my fair reader, an 'angel in the house' of poverty and mourning?

Ah! Julia, Caroline, Portia, if I had gone to Mrs. Ipecacuanha's ball in a black domino and mask, she would have been astonished and indignant that I should thus disguise myself, her ball, as every one knows, not being a masquerade; yet I saw one of you there, I will not say which one, as completely unlike your true self as if you had assumed the character of the White Lady of Avenel. That was not the face that Nature gave you; your smile was as unreal as any ever painted on a mask; you were disguised so that Mrs. I. knew you only by name. And so you go everywhere the merriest masker in this winter's carnival. Alas! for the bloom of innocent health, the hope of innocent eyes, the faith of a pure heart! Merrily squeaks the fiddle, gayly goes the flirtation, grandly rolls the carriage; the Carnival is short, and then comes Lent; youth is short, and then comes old age or death; what though the gold be pinchbeck and the diamonds paste, is not the pageant gorgeous? And so you whirl and whirl, till you are dizzy, so dizzy that, God help you — you are ready to fall!

What a noble creature is a truly honest woman: honest to herself, and therefore self-developing, self-ennobling; honest to others, and therefore unaffected; loving good and hating injustice; filled with gentleness and long-suffering; trusting HEAVEN and men with a pure faith; ever doing her duty cheerfully, whether in the whirl of gayety, or the quieter mirth of the social gathering, or the deep happiness of home. How we sinful, hard-hearted young fellows would bow in reverence before such a one, if she stood suddenly revealed to us, even as good Catholics bow when the Host is elevated amid swinging censers and mysterious melodies from hidden choirs. I will tell you (in the strictest confidence) that I have now before me an ambrotype, and in its soft lines, the quiet eyes, the broad, smooth forehead, the firm yet gentle mouth, I see such a character. I would rather look at this poor reflection of a woman's face than at the best of Durand's sun-sets or Kensett's running brooks.

When my salary is raised, there will be one of the happiest little weddings you ever saw.

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D R E A M F A C E S .

BY HORACE ROBLEE.

THE faces that we see in dreams  
Are radiant, as if gleams  
From some diviner world than this:  
A sweeter, sadder tenderness  
Darkens the depths of loving eyes:  
A more seraphic beauty lies  
On lip and brow, than ever yet  
The gaze of waking mortal met.

O blessed mystery of sleep!  
That can recall from out the deep  
Of vanished years, and from the tomb,  
The loved and lost to life and bloom:  
That makes each memory a bright  
Reality, and fills the night  
With gladness and sweet thoughts that stay  
Like lingering perfume through the day.

## M Y B O U Q U E T .

## I.

In sallying forth from my chamber one day,  
 Demurely intent on my supper prospective,  
 And quietly humming the air 'Charming May'  
 In temper most gay, but in mind most reflective:  
     I stopped like a statue transfixed with surprise,  
 For lo! from the latch of the just-closing door,  
 And sparkling with rain-drops, all tremulous hung  
 A garland of blossoms, and pendulous swung  
 With the sway of the door before my charmed eyes,  
 And thence trailed in beauty adown to the floor.  
 'Ah! surely,' I said, 'by this token I see  
 Some Oread sprite has been visiting me.'

## II.

The carol stood hushed in its flow on my lips,  
 For Nature's strange beauty brings silence to me:  
 As a bird in the forest, 'mid surgerent song,  
 By the hush of that forest is quelled to a dream:  
 His musical mouth in the waters he dips  
 That float through the fern-banks their murmurous stream,  
 And jubilant of the cool surface he sips;  
 While dies the far echo the flowers among;  
 So faded the sound of my singing from me.

## III.

A thought then at once had its birth in my soul:  
 They came from some heart that was kindred to thee;  
 As the waves of the green shore that undulant roll  
 Meet the waves that return from the billowy sea;  
 And when by its author the gift was confessed,  
 As we stood on the shore of the whispering river,  
 I looked on the eloquent face of the giver,  
 And these were the thoughts that arose in my breast.

## IV.

May the white dove of faith sit serene on thy heart  
 As the cup of the lily thou gavest to me;  
 And the flame of the asters all typical be  
 Of the warmth in thy nature, unsullied by art;  
 May the clear crown of duty sit regnant and fair  
 On the brow of thy life, like a chaplet of flowers,  
 Beguiling to gladness the lapse of the hours,  
 Faint shadow of that thou hereafter shalt wear.  
 We part in the present, but truly as oft  
 As the shore of my heart's washed by wave-thoughts of thee,  
 May the eloquent future shed blessings as soft  
 As the spell of these blossoms shed beauty on me!



## THE MASQUERADE OF HATE.

SISTER Rose and I were at Newport last summer ; hence the title of this story.

When in my comfortable, quiet, yet beautiful home on the Susquehanna, I read 'My Novel,' I came upon this passage :

'In the Gothic age grim Humor painted 'the Dance of Death ;' in our polished century some sardonic wit should give us the 'Masquerade of Hate.'

There, surrounded with comfort, luxury, and beauty ; with that feeling of security which one's home gives, all about me ; the bad passions had retired into the back-ground of my imagination and lived there, shadows without form or reality ; and I thought as I read this passage how over-strained, unreal, and melo-dramatic it was. Yet I could not forget it ! A Masquerade of Hate ! Every thing about me suggested peace. The river, broad, beneficent, and tranquil, flowed ever onward for good. The trees, the flowers, the sky, all was beauty, all was the handiwork of Love ; yet I read again the words of the great master of English romance, and an inward voice told me that I should one day recognize a truth in them.

The fine passage which follows : 'Love is rarely a hypocrite. But Hate, how detect, how guard against it ! It lurks where you least suspect it ; it is created by causes that you can the least foresee ; and civilization multiplies its varieties, while it favors its disguise ; for civilization increases the number of contending interests, and refinement renders more susceptible to the least irritation the cuticle of self-love. But hate comes covertly forth from some self-interest we have crossed, or some self-love we have wounded ; and dullards that we are, how seldom we are aware of our offence ! You may be hated by a man you have never seen in your life ; you may be hated as often by one whom you have loaded with benefits ; you may so walk as not to tread on a worm ; but you must sit fast in your easy-chair until you are carried out to your bier, if you would be sure not to tread on some snake of a foe.'

Hate ! a word I had almost forgotten. My own past, how secure it had been from the ugly monster thus startlingly summoned before me by the wand of the enchanter ! I remembered how guarded my youth had been, the child of prosperity, the early loved. I had known no sorrow, scarcely disappointment, until a great grief came and shrouded me as with a veil from any other experience, for I was now thirty, and had been ten years a widow.

The few years of society and the gay world which came between my school-days and early marriage were so bright, so full of pleasure, that I looked back upon 'society' as a land full of beauteous images, fair women, great men, sensible, brilliant, witty conversation, music, dancing, all that can charm the imagination and the senses, a refined luxury giving richness to the picture, an early love lending it romance and poetry.



When the chief figure was stricken out of this picture, I never wished to look upon it again. I knew that in looking upon the brilliant surface I should see only that void. So I had lived a quiet, retired life, surrounded only by the nearest and dearest friends, until grief had become melancholy, and finally, perhaps, only something less than that; but the world I had forgotten.

Was then this brilliant pageant, called society, but a masquerade? Were men and women bowing, smiling, caressing and entertaining each other but to forward their own ends; to advance their own interests? Was there a skeleton at every feast? — and hidden by a mask of polite and elegant demeanor, did jealousy, distrust, scandal, detraction walk among the guests?

Hate! a potent word; it colored the landscape, it darkened the sun, it gave to the soft summer breeze a harsh and severe sound. I felt as if a disagreeable presence had stolen into my life and shut out the tranquillity and happiness; when there appeared walking on the green sward beneath my window, Sister Rose.

No disagreeable presence was sister Rose. She banished hate and brought back light to the sun, music to the breeze. Sister Rose was seventeen; sweet, beautiful, and colored like the rival flowers of York and Lancaster; she was the youngest, fairest bud on our ancestral tree; and though thirteen years separated her from me, we were sisters in the fondest, truest sense, in mutual confidence and love, dashed with a sort of maternal authority on my part, a sort of deferential daughterhood on hers.

She was all the world to me, dear sister Rose!

Mrs. Gibson walked by sister Rose on the green. Mrs. Gibson was a gay lady, who had come to pay us a visit. As they walked, their conversation floated up to me through the still June air.

‘And Newport is so delightful?’ asked sister Rose.

‘Oh! perfectly delightful. The climate of Italy and the best people in the United States. Such a charming set of people in the cottages; yes, and palaces too! Such gay scenes at the Bellevue, the Fillmore; the Ocean is a little fast perhaps, but very nice people there too. Such drives! such bathing, such dressing, such a dear old picturesque town! Oh! there is nothing like Newport, nothing! nothing!’

‘I should so like to go!’ said Rose.

‘And why not? Make Mrs. Clifton take you. Plenty of money, youth, beauty, good family; you should go! Come to Philadelphia with me, and we shall get a beautiful wardrobe prepared and — *nous verrons!*’

‘But I do not believe sister Laura would like to leave her retirement: she has been quiet so long!’

‘But she must not be quiet; she is shutting you out from that world to which you belong. In the name of that wronged and bereft world I claim you, and you must come. She must give you up!’

So afterward argued Mrs. Gibson at greater length, so gently urged Rose. So finally my own judgment told me that Rose should peep at the world, that great, entrancing, sparkling world, only faintly fore-

shadowed to her in the dancing-school balls, the accounts of Mrs. Gibson, the magazine stories !

Armed and equipped with dresses, French maid, (whom we found a horrible tyrant,) and accompanied by Mrs. Gibson and a large party of her friends, we found ourselves rather startled and uncomfortable at Newport one hot day in August. Hot ? no, not so very hot, but dusty, uncomfortable. Every thing was new, our dresses were new, and rather tight ; our crinoline was prodigious ; our heads, accustomed only to our own dressing, were screwed into unimaginable torment by our maid Matilde. In this state I ate my first dinner and took a survey.

Fortunately our dresses (thanks to Mrs. Gibson, who had taken a contract to dress us as if we were two French dolls, and had fulfilled it to admiration) were very handsome. We were spared the humiliation of finding ourselves badly dressed at Newport, perhaps one of the greatest of the *petites misères* of life ! We had good rooms ; we were introduced right and left ; we had the golden key which unlocks exclusive Fashion's innermost wicket door — we had money !

Another advantage we had, we were new. A something to do is the great want of the Newport *habitues*, and a something to talk about the absolute necessity. For a few days we furnished them occupation ; at the end of three Mrs. Paston, who sat opposite us at table, knew all about us : that we had had a distant relative in the Cabinet of one of the Presidents ; that we had so much (and no more) money ; what the family politics were ; what religion we professed ; and Mrs. Paston sought our acquaintance, and we entered on the Newport course with heavy bets on our success.

Shadow of Sutherland ! did you rise before me to suggest that equine simile ?

Well, to return to my first dinner : next me sat Mr. Gibson, a man whose vision, though straight enough as to the physical eye, was singularly oblique when contemplated with that second set of optics which we all possess, and which looks beyond and behind the other. To have contemplated Mr. Gibson with this second pair of eyes, (which never grow feeble with years, and only need spectacles in extreme youth,) one would have seen that he was afflicted with a sort of moral strabismus, and that some things were lamentably confused to him, while others were peculiarly adapted to his angle of vision ; for instance, Mr. Gibson never failed to see what he defined as a 'person of consequence,' and was as blind as Belisarius to a person of 'no consequence.' Perhaps, however, he was as good a cicerone at Newport as I could have had, though for 'guide, philosopher and friend' in any other sphere, I should not have chosen him.

'Who is that young man who looks so much like a horse ?' I asked of Mr. Gibson.

'My dear Mrs. Clifton, how can you say such things ? That is Mr. Sutherland, a young man of the greatest consequence ! He is very rich, very aristocratic, a little given to gaming, and they say, rather too fond of horse-racing, and such little expensive amusements ; however, if he doesn't injure his fortune no matter ; he will soon have sown his wild oats.'

‘He looks to me as if he were in the habit of eating them.’

‘He! he!’ said Mr. Gibson, who never laughed sincerely at any joke at an aristocrat.

‘And who is that little woman who looks so much like a poodle-dog?’

‘Now, Mrs. Clifton, you are too bad! That is Mrs. Smithson, the most exclusive woman here. Allow me to say, that if Mrs. Smithson and Mrs. Paston ask to be introduced to you, your fortune is made! I mean at Newport!’

I must confess I was a little angry at the imagined condescension of these ladies; but I knew Mr. Gibson, and I forgave him, for I remembered his strabismus.

‘Who is the lovely woman with roses in her hair, who is taking such care of the stupid little man by her side?’

‘Ah! that is Mrs. Morris Borrowe, the beauty, the petted of fortune, so amiable, so careful too! Never hear any thing against Mrs. Morris Borrowe! And the little man, twice her age, is Mr. Morris Borrowe, married by an ambitious mother: every one said too bad; but immensely rich. She really seems to like him though; perhaps wary and deep — do n’t know; these innocent-looking ones are *the ones* sometimes, Mrs. Clifton, he! he!’

If Mrs. Morris Borrowe was a ‘deep one’ she was very deep, for innocence and truth sat enthroned on her face, and kindness beamed from her whole demeanor.

‘Who is that fine intellectual man down the table?’

‘Ah! Warden Wood, very distinguished, but not a marrying man.’

‘And the blink-eyed youth?’

‘Mrs. Paston’s son; very good dancer.’

‘And the nice-looking party beyond. I mean the father and daughter?’

‘DO N’T KNOW THEM,’ answered Mr. Gibson with withering enunciation. I wonder if any description of type can give the force to this remark which Mr. Gibson gave. It was as if the destroying angel said to shivering wretches on the brink of the gulf: ‘Go down and never hope to rise! Twice wretched wretches, go down! *down!* down!’

There is nothing in Milton more terrific than this sentence, pronounced by your true worldling. It says unimaginable things, and little as I knew of the world, I felt a solemn conviction that that father and those daughters were driven out of the inner world of fashion as utterly as was Lucifer ejected from Paradise.

Sister Rose had a distinguished success the first dinner, for Mr. Sutherland, who sat opposite, began to stare at her. Poor Rose, looking up unconsciously, saw his eyes fixed upon her, and looking down, blushed over face, neck, and arms. Sutherland was not accustomed to that sort of thing; the coy maidens at whom he generally stared, were past blushing, and he doubtless had a sensation very like that which a thirsty traveller experiences when he finds a fresh strawberry by the side of a dusty road — he intended from that moment to refresh himself with the unexpected fruit.

Mr. Gibson found it out immediately. 'See,' he exclaimed, 'Sutherland is staring at Rose! That is an immense compliment.'

'An immense insult,' said I, taking fire at once.

'Now, Mrs. Clifton, be quiet; my good friend, you do not know this world as I do. Why, men will look at handsome girls, and Sutherland is a little spoiled; but a man of *such* position! Do listen to reason, and *be quiet*. If you want to have Rose see society, you must not quarrel with it at once because some of its modern innovations do not square with your very retired and peculiar notions.'

'But, Mr. Gibson, my 'retired notions,' as you please to call them, have been considered the rules of gentlemanly conduct since the world was young. Why, what did chivalry mean; what does poetry, romance, mean; what does civilization mean, if not, that man being strong shall protect, yes graciously and respectfully protect, woman, and not insult her — stare —'

'You talk very well, dear Mrs. Clinton, I do n't doubt, uncommonly well; but it has no sort of effect at Newport — not the least, *not the least*! You might talk forever about chivalry, but I rather think nobody, at least not the young men, would know what you meant; and if they did, they would not care, no, not they. They would stare just as much, and the girls do n't dislike it — he! he! Mrs. Clifton!'

Well, I thought I would swallow my disgust and bear with 'modern innovations.' I had come to Newport; I was undoubtedly rustic, my ideas might change.

After dinner I was presented to several ladies. They were faultlessly dressed, handsome, many of them fine musicians and good linguists, and I anticipated much pleasure. What were the subjects we talked about? The rival claims of the different houses!

There, with the 'far-resounding sea' singing immortal anthems in our ears, with a night above our heads such as Lord Byron writes verses about, and compares (as some body irreverently says) to 'a black-eyed woman,' these educated, accomplished creatures could find nothing to say but on the all-important point of which was the most fashionable, the Fillmore or the Bellevue!

I asked Mrs. Paston who was the fine-looking woman in blue whom I saw in the parlor.

'Oh! that is Mrs. Akerly, an old friend of mine; but we do not speak now, for we are at the rival houses!'

The tyranny of ideas is a power which knows no limits. It made Martin Luther fling his ink-stand at the gentleman in black; it sent Napoleon to St. Helena; it is the force which drives men to the Crimea to starve and die; and it descends so low that it even makes the women hate each other, because they charge themselves with the honor of two rival taverns!

Sister Rose had a success; Sutherland admired her; other young men followed; she danced perpetually, had flowers, and all the insignia of bellehoo. She enjoyed it; it was her right: I could but admire the woman's instinct which taught her so readily what to do with her newly-acquired honors. She was gay, but reserved with Sutherland, whose character she read at a glance; she was amused with the satir-

ical Warden Wood ; she liked (I feared too much) Tracy, a well-appointed youth, who followed her much ; but she bore her blushing honors well. I had never been beautiful like Rose, and I enjoyed the sweet power it gave her, for her sake and my own.

All was going on well. I was bathing, talking, amusing myself with the new revelations which society was teaching me ; and although my high ideal of the conversation and elevation of that sect began to give way to a reality somewhat low, I enjoyed myself. There is a fascination in a gay pageant, whether you find meaning in it or not.

One profound discovery I had made, which was this, if you would succeed in society, you must at least pretend to be a fool !

There was Mrs. Morris Borrowe, whom I had got to know, and who frequently took me to drive. She was charmingly natural, bright, and even witty when we were alone, having a remarkable insight into character ; but when we returned to the circle of our hotel, she became almost vapid ; a well-bred languor over-spread her features. She said nothing but common-places ; no emotion betrayed itself on her trained features.

O shadow of Maintenon, of Pompadour, of Espinasse, of Recamier ! was this your idea of being charming ? We wear your dresses, we copy your graces ; why cannot we follow your sprightly footsteps still farther, and dare to be witty and wise as you were, at your dear little suppers ? Is it because there are fools in high places, and we must follow the fashion, as we do of an ugly collar, (because a duchess has a king's evil,) and be fools if we can — if not, play that we are ?

One of the wits of Newport was Mr. Semple. He was very well born and bred, and it was considered proper to laugh at his jokes. He, as it seemed, had taken out a license to be funny ; all other wit was contraband ; he *might* be laughed at.

'Mrs. Clifton,' he drawled one evening, 'do you know that to-day I have made an atrocious pun ? I said that the names of the houses should be split, and ours should be called the 'Fill-belle,' and *that* the 'Vue-More,' from the names Fillmore and Bellevue. We are *filled with belles*, and they could *view more* without hurting them !'

A silvery laugh echoed through the rooms. We all dared to be amused, and this gigantic achievement of wit passed into one of the legends of Newport intellectuality.

One of the ladies of Newport had, as I had always supposed, a very enviable reputation for her wit, learning, and cleverness ; but I found this was a positive disadvantage to her ; for on asking Mr. Semple about her, he seemed rather disgusted, and answered me :

'Very good house, nice position, rich, but too chatty ; oh ! decidedly too chatty !'

The second week of our stay still found Rose the reigning belle of the house. Neither Miss Chase who sang, nor Miss Brown who played, nor Miss Robinson, whose mamma manœuvred, had any thing to compare with Rose in point of success. And then came the unmasking !

I went to dress one day for dinner quite late, and had not time to read a dirty note which I found on my table, and which I supposed was some begging letter ; and seeing it lie there still unread, as I was

going to take my afternoon drive with Mrs. Borrowe, I put it hastily in my pocket to read on the way.

The afternoon was beautiful, and as Mrs. Borrowe looked out on the sea, she quoted Horace Smith's fine lines :

'To that cathedral, boundless as our wonder,  
Whose shining lamps the sun and moon supply:  
Its choir, the winds and waves; its organ, thunder;  
Its dome, the sky.'

The 'choir of winds and waves' was chaunting its majestic anthem. Nature was grand, calm, and beneficent. I could not help asking Mrs. Borrowe if she did not sometimes find society tedious and unsatisfactory.

'Yes, but it has attractions. I know I am born for something better: but I love it; I cannot escape from it; I believe we should all live with each other; and if the mass is stupid, let us do our individual mite to make it brighter.'

'But *do* we? do we not all take a lower tone when we mingle with society? Would you now, dear Mrs. Borrowe, have dared to quote that splendid simile, which you have just spoken so appropriately, if you had been in the parlor at the hotel?'

'No, because as Cecil says, (that worldly wise Cecil!) 'We must, to succeed in society, consent to lose our individuality, and float along with the mass, distinguished only for our extreme resemblance to all the rest.' And we must all remember that hate, envy, detraction, are always lying in wait for the successful person; and if I am so unfortunate as to command any excessive admiration, I suffer for it. The most successful persons I know in society, are women who have neither beauty nor wit, who dress well, and while they alarm and wound no one's vanity, are still sought for their position, tact, and 'knowledge of the world,' which means, never showing any other kind of knowledge.'

At this moment I remembered my letter, and drew it from my pocket.

It was a badly-spelled, badly-written letter; saying that the writer felt bound to tell me that he had seen Mr. Sutherland kissing my handsome sister, Miss Rose, in the dusk of the evening before, as they were walking on the piazza; and that he (the writer) had some other facts to communicate, which he would do for five dollars, if I would write him a note, and leave it on the table when I went to dinner, in my own parlor.

I supposed it was some waiter who wished to get money from me, and showed it to Mrs. Borrowe. She looked it over attentively.

'This is from no waiter. It is a lady's hand disguised. It is done to create a talk. The person who wrote it imagines that you will be frightened, and will mention it to the landlord, or some person about the house: you will complain of your parlor being entered by some waiter or servant, and the story will leak out; and having thus a real foundation for *half* the story, a number of false ones will be erected on that. It is simply a plot, dictated by hate, to injure Rose.'

'Impossible! What has Rose done to any body?'

'Nothing, intentionally; but every thing, *unintentionally*. She



has been handsome, admired. Nothing could be so great a crime : for such crimes women have been poisoned ; for such a crime, this letter has been written.'

We drove several miles in silence. Mrs. Borrowe at length broke it :

'I wish you would do what I suggest about this letter.'

'Well ?'

'Write an answer and leave it on your table, saying you wish to know more.'

'But you assure me that is what the writer wants ?'

'Yes ; but I propose to foil the perpetrator with her own tools. I think I see a well-known hand in this.'

After some conversation on this point, I consented to follow Mrs. Borrowe's advice.

When we reached home, it was quite dusk, and I went to find Rose. She had been driving with Mrs. Gibson, whom I met in the hall, and who said she had been home an hour.

Rose was not in my own room or hers ; and Matilde, my maid, said she had come in very hurriedly, taken a shawl, and gone out again.

I waited an hour very uneasily. Then I went out to see Mrs. Gibson again. She knew nothing of her ; said she walked off, talking with Sutherland and some young ladies, after the drive.

At this moment one of the young ladies came in, and said she had returned with Rose and Sutherland just before I drove up, and thought Rose must be in her own room, dressing for the hop.

I went again : there was the dress she was to wear, but no Rose. I was getting more and more alarmed.

I went to Mrs. Borrowe. She was frightened too. She asked me if I had perfect confidence in Rose, that she could not be deceiving me.

'Perfect, perfect.'

'Then, this is a plot to annoy you, like all the rest. Now be calm ; you must dress, and go to the hop to-night ; tell every body that Rose did not come because she had a head-ache : be perfectly cool about it ; and I will look for Rose. She is safe, depend upon it ; but, if you wish to save her and yourself a terrible scandal, do not show that you are anxious about her.'

There was something so perfectly convincing in Mrs. Borrowe's manner, that I submitted.

Matilde exclaimed at my pale cheeks and haggard expression.

'If Madame would but color a leetle. She has the distinction, the air, the every thing, but she has not the complexion. Would Madame be brilliant for the ball, and permit me to color with discretion ?'

'Do what you like, Matilde.'

So Matilde produced, from her own magazines, bottles and boxes, and proceeded to make me up : a drawing sensation of the skin convinced me that a color, 'charming, natural,' like that which bloomed perpetually on the cheek of Matilde, was blushing on my own. My eye-brows, my hair, were also touched with various brushes and other instruments. After receiving the treatment which is generally bestowed on the 'portrait of a lady,' instead of the lady herself, I was pronounced finished, and looked at myself.



I hardly knew the enamelled visage which presented itself. This, then, was one sort of 'mask,' which I had not remembered. It was easier than I thought, to hide the anxiety which gnawed at my heart. I could better appear unconcerned behind this face.

'Come,' said Mrs. Borrowe, knocking at my door; 'here is Warden Wood waiting to escort you. Bless me! how well you look! I *am on the track*,' she whispered; 'be composed! There is nothing wrong.'

Mr. Warden Wood was too well-bred to notice my abstractions, if indeed I showed any; and I cannot remember much of this evening, except that he and others complimented me much on my appearance, and that in the many inquiries for Rose, I thought Mrs. Paston and Mrs. Smithson looked more interested than the occasion required; and both asked where was Mr. Sutherland.

Some unexpected inspiration enabled me to say, with an indifferent tone: 'Oh! I suppose he does not care to come, if my sister is not here.'

I was so excited and distressed, that the effort to play so unnatural a part was rapidly depriving me of all my strength, when I saw Mrs. Borrowe enter with Sutherland.

I had always detested this man; but at this moment he looked perfectly beautiful to me. He came up with Mrs. Borrowe, and after paying me some compliments, asked for my fair sister.

I made some inane answer, and a subtle attraction drew my eyes toward Mrs. Paston: her face was distorted with rage, but became smiling immediately.

As Sutherland passed her, she gave him a look from which he quailed, and I have since observed, that all the evil which the world had previously said of Sutherland, was praise, compared with what Mrs. Paston afterwards treated him to.

'I have not found Rose,' whispered Mrs. Borrowe; 'but I found Sutherland, which was next best; and I made him come here with me, although he did n't want to; but he came because he wants me to invite him to my supper-party next week: and if matters are as I suspect, he has been used by some ladies here to affix suspicion on Rose; and being seen here himself, is so much in her favor. How well you look! What a color! Why, anxiety becomes you!'

'O dear woman! I am all painted up; and I am dying of anxiety about Rose: do let me go; I shall drop down if you do not.'

So Mrs. Borrowe, serene and smiling, piloted me to the door. We left Sutherland dancing madly; and with head almost bursting with pain, I reached my own room.

There, on the table, was a note written in pencil, to this effect:

'DEAR LAURA: Jeannie Millwood is quite ill, and wants me to come over and spend the night with her. I do n't care for the hop. Yours, affectionately,  
ROSE.'

I had suffered enough during these few hours to give me the right to faint away, which I did immediately, and on coming to, sent for Mrs. Borrowe, who shared in my relief, as she had in my anxiety.

'Now, be quiet, dear Mrs. Clifton, and to-morrow we will get at the bottom of this mystery. This note Rose evidently left where you could

see it, and it was taken away by the same hand which was employed to bring you the anonymous communication. To-morrow you will write an answer to that, and leave it on your table when you go to dinner : depend there is a plot to be unravelled.'

I waited impatiently for the morning to dawn ; and as soon as the house was opened, I put on my bonnet and went over to the other hotel, where I soon found Jeannie Millwood's sick-room. There, on a sofa, lay sister Rose, quietly sleeping. The invalid was awake, and told me that as Rose had read to her nearly all night, she had asked her to lie down and get a little sleep.

I went across the room, and kissed the cheek flushed with unaccustomed vigils. I determined, as I looked on the innocent face, and thought of all her sweet and lovely qualities, that my Rose should henceforth open in some purer and better atmosphere than that of a watering-place.

I followed Mrs. Borrowe's advice, and wrote a few words, and leaving the note on my table, went to dinner as usual. The scene which followed may best be described in theatrical parlance.

The company being well seated at dinner, a woman stealthily creeps across the deserted passage-way, and enters my parlor, looks cautiously around, and is on the point of seizing the note, when the door to the left, leading to bed-room, opens, and exit Mrs. Borrowe, Mrs. Graham, Lewis, and one or two more, who surround the frightened woman, who proves to be Mrs. Paston's maid, and who, on the occasion of this unexpected detection, falls on her knees, implores pardon, says that her mistress has sent her, etc., etc., etc.

The noise and confusion of this scene reached the dining-room, and several ladies left the table. Mrs. Paston and Mrs. Smithson remained with perfect *sang froid* in their seats.

The only sufferer was the poor waiting-maid, who was discharged, as being too fond of falsehood and intrigue ; and if Sutherland had not turned state's evidence, and confessed that these two lovely queens of fashion had requested him to stay out of sight on the night of the hop, promising him in return that he should see Rose in the parlor of one of them, we should never have known how much was mistress and how much was maid.

Mr. Gibson and I held a final meeting on the subject of Newport in my parlor just before we came away.

Mrs. Paston was announced. I sent back her card.

'Why do you, my dear friend ? Why, you will make an enemy for life of the woman,' screamed the frightened Gibson.

'Is that left to be done ? Is she not as much my enemy now as she ever could be ?'

'But not *openly* ! Do remember her position, and ignore the *facts*. Charge it all to servants, servants, who are always bad : it is better to believe that the waiting-maid lied than to lose Mrs. Paston.'

'But I know ——'

'I know you do ; but here is a perfect opportunity to pretend that you do n't know.'

'But why pretend?'

'Because that is *society*. If we did not *pretend*, we could not support the present structure of society. The truth is a very harsh and awkward thing, and should not be spoken at all times. That is a charming idea, doubtless, in poetry and romance, but it don't do at Newport.'

The Masquerade of Hate! The romance of society was gone. It was too truly a masquerade, brilliant, charming to the senses, but horribly false, fatally untrue. The guests could not be unmasked. Should the veil be pulled aside, more horrible would be the revelation than that of the 'Dance of Death!'

Yet was not all barren. I had found Mrs. Borrowe in it and not of it; her friendship was worth the whole; and Rose, Rose found Mr. Tracy, and perhaps the loneliness of my house now (for my Rose has been transplanted) may have affected my spirits so powerfully, that I have given a harsher coloring to the picture than I should have done were she still here to cheer me, and to show me, by the perfect happiness of her marriage, that some good thing can come out of society.

But I wait impatiently for some 'sardonic wit' to attempt the 'Masquerade of Hate,' and recommended it to the attention of Warden Wood, who may favor the world with it.

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M Y F I R S T L O V E .

'T WAS summer! sweet and beautiful the hour,  
When first my eye beheld a tulip flower.  
I loved that flower; and when the frost came by,  
And killed it — oh! I wished I, too, could die.

For oft I came to see it where it grew;  
And sure I am that flower my coming knew;  
It smiled so sweetly on me when I came,  
And stood near by, and called it by its name.

When I could go and see it every day,  
And chase the vexing butterflies away,  
It seemed so happy, and so pretty grew,  
I could have prayed for nothing else to do.

But when a week, a long, long week would come  
To take me from my tulip and from home,  
It wilted like some poor forsaken one,  
Whom love has mocked and left to love alone.

I loved that flower — it seemed so fond of me:  
As one should love a sister, tenderly:  
But when the cruel, wintry frost came by,  
And killed it — oh! I wished I, too, could die.

Alleghany City, (Pa.) April 7th, 1857.

J. W.

## SONNETS—THE THREE DAYS.

'Love leaps like light, and I am close to thee!'

## I.

'Am close to thee'? Ah! heart, when thus thou spak  
 She had not just been sundered from my breast:  
 No lingering feeling of the hand which pressed  
 Convulsively my arm, remained to break  
 The quiet dream which feigned her near, and wake  
 The sense of loss. But now the hilly west  
 Has hardly hushed the bickering broods to rest  
 That mocked the flying train: the roar and shake  
 Scarce die along the ground: the happy air  
 Yet holds — methinks it holds — the faint perfume  
 That hints of Heaven around her everywhere:  
 Yet seems the distance 'twixt us sumless wide,  
 And in the minutes hang dim years of gloom,  
 And half I think of her as one that died.

*Saturday.*

## II.

Heart-sick I sought the wood where late we strayed  
 And crushed with frequent foot the bristling cone,  
 And watched o'er russet leaves the shadows blown,  
 As over-head the hemlocks tossed and swayed:  
 The same gray bank my silent couch I made:  
 The withered mosses knew I was alone,  
 The pine-boughs, waving, sighed with mournful tone,  
 And hung more deep their light-deserted shade.  
 It woke my tears to feel they held her dear,  
 And in their memories hallowed her a place:  
 My widowed love reached out and drew them near,  
 And straightway love was dowered with gift and grace  
 To see the unveiled fairness of her face,  
 And thrill the accents of her voice to hear.

*Sunday.*

## III.

This sun-set found me there: I lingered long;  
 But nothing cared the wood for her or me;  
 Or if for her, I might no token see,  
 Nor glean a meaning from the wind's wild song.  
 A trouble seized my heart and wrestled strong;  
 And mocked me with a dread how this should be:  
 I could not doubt the wind or ancient tree;  
 And sank with fear that I had done her wrong.  
 Then Love replied: 'Blame not thy feebleness;  
 I needs must feel thy earthly nature's fate  
 At times my spirit-pinions low depress:  
 Thy double being has but hours of grace —  
 Then will I bear thee to her very face:  
 Sometimes thou must endure too long and wait.

*Monday.*

GEO. LEON WALKER.

## ELEANOR MANTON: OR LIFE-PICTURES

## CHAPTER SIXTEENTH.

## CONCLUSION.

We are not writing a novel, as we have said, and as is very evident; so it will not be expected that all the personages whom we have introduced come regularly forward at the end of the book and get married up or die in the most approved manner. Those only have received notice who had some influence upon the principal personage, or illustrated some point which she wished particularly to enlarge upon. When this was done they were at liberty to go on their way and live and die like people who had never been called to such honor. Those who were interested in the little sprite, Lina, would be still more interested in the adventures she passed through on her way to honorable matrimony, which she espoused in due time, and settled, the wife of an humble mechanic, in a thriving New-England town. Her observations would throw a light upon the slave-life of orphans and self-dependent girls at the North, which might, if it were not so old and oft-repeated a story, awaken a sympathy for their helpless condition which should prompt to efforts for their relief. The scenes which are portrayed in the German novel, '*Clara, or Slave Life in Europe*,' are enacted every week in the streets of our cities, where, if they were traced, we should find that the poor creatures who perform the humble and in no wise honorable part of servants, singers, and ladies' maids upon the stage, display wares 'to suit purchasers' in shops and saloons, or sell themselves for more immediately degrading purposes, feel that they are under a terrible bondage, from which they pray night and day to be relieved by death. But it is not our purpose here to go down into these depths of darkness; yet we cannot help intimating to those who have legacies to bequeath and thousands of dollars to expend upon expeditions which are to give to men honor and glory, that there are thousands within the reach of their hands and the sound of their voices, whom a few dollars would drag from degradation and deliver from the power of fiends and oppressors as blood-thirsty and merciless as any who rule on Southern plantations or flourish under the protection of foreign despots.

What a horror is expressed when a lady who has been born to luxury and affluence and guarded by all the rules of conventionalism, disregarding the boundaries society has made for her, assumes independence, and though doing nothing wrong, or really improper, asserts a right to enjoy the free air of heaven and the privileges of culture or recreation without chaperone or matron. How concerned are friends, not for her honor, for that they do not consider endangered, but for her reputation. Yet a grade below her in society's ranks, are thousands whom poverty

compels to walk, eat, drink, and sleep, and from morn till night to toil where corrupt principles, coarse language, and insulting jests every hour fall upon their ears, and which they must endure without becoming contaminated, or be deprived of the labor which saves them from starvation. They cannot pay the board or the rent of a decent home in the great city, and have no possible means of escaping the grasp of those who go about seeking whom they may devour. Why is so little said about their danger—the danger to their morals, to their refinement and delicacy, while the whole nation starts up in alarm at the suggestion that woman may speak in public, may vote, may own property, because this would bring her in contact with men and expose her to degrading influences? Were this true, the few who will ever voluntarily walk in this path, may, without national sin, be left to their own devices, and public opinion and public discussion more effectually employed in devising means to bring to the ordinary light of heaven and the ordinary privileges of human beings, those who are buried in darkness, who ask only that they may read and write and walk quietly, with no desire to assume the rights of men, only to be protected from the ignorance and degradation into which they are plunged by them. Lina walked through the dark places and resisted the temptations by which others are lost, unharmed, but these are aside from our path and form no part of our history.

We need not say that the only family tie which connected us with others became like other family ties, when interest and every path of thought and enjoyment become separate. Family ties are not the strongest which unite human hearts, and those of our own kindred may be more thoroughly estranged than those whom we have loved from congeniality of feeling. Those whom nature places in relationship have often no other bond of sympathy, and as they mature, they differ in opinion and every sentiment which can promote social or friendly intercourse. They may not be enemies, but move in the same circle, regarding each other as the acquaintances of a year or an hour. We have seen a mother who dragged on a weary existence of years in nursing and supporting sons and daughters, and doing it cheerfully, because they were to be in return the support of her declining years, yet left homeless and friendless in age, not because shelter and food and clothing were denied, but because children had become strangers to her heart, and their homes forlorn as prison-walls to her spirit. The husbands of sisters and the wives of brothers create a new *morale*, which banishes the associations and affections of earlier years; and though a pretence may be kept up, from the feeling that it is a duty to love those who are of the same blood, it is the name without the reality, and gives not life to the soul.

Uncle Simeon and Aunt Dolly lived and died in the midst of their vulgar splendor, and the next day were forgotten, as are thousands like them, who have no higher ambition than the vulgar homage of the gaping worshippers of gold.

The details with which we must conclude these sketches concerning the remaining personages who have been most conspicuous, are too sad

to be minute, and we must therefore give only the general tints, leaving the imagination to fill up the shades. 'Oh! don't make it come out dolorous,' exclaims a lady reader; 'I like to have a good ending to a story.' So do we, and we should like better to have the events of real life all bright and gay; but as they are not, and we are writing life-pictures, we must give them as they are, though we will dwell upon them briefly.

That I am again in the little cottage of my childhood, will indicate a reverse of fortune, and that I have with me my orphan children, will indicate the calamity, upon which the hearts that experienced it will not be expected to dilate. For his failing health a sea-voyage was recommended to my husband, and in his absence the house of which he was senior partner fell, under the pressure of commercial difficulties, which shook the financial world, and he returned to find himself, in commercial phrase, 'a ruined man.' It is a kind of ruin which men do not long survive, and those who are denominated weak and dependent were left to bear as best they might, affliction, poverty, and crushing anxieties; and strange it is how elastic is the heart and form of woman, under calamities which break the strongest man. The harrowing details through which a family must necessarily pass in such a misfortune, are familiar to any observer in a great city; for alas! they are too frequent to permit any to find in a description any thing new. Out of the wreck there could be nothing gleaned which honor allowed the widow and orphans to retain; but the little fund to which I have so often had occasion to allude, was invested where gains are slow but sure, and had now become nearly doubled. I had often been urged to give it up, in order that it might be placed where it would multiply a hundred-fold, but I feared it would be like Jonah's gourd, growing as fast and vanishing as rapidly, and though offending by what seemed distrust, still, firmly resisting, I kept it in its quiet depository, whence it came forth now to be meat and drink, clothes and shelter, to those who had almost despised it for its insignificance. It had never been necessary, therefore it had never been encroached upon. My quarterly allowance had always been sufficiently liberal for all my wants. How to dispose of it now for our best interest was a serious question, but one which I was not long in deciding. One recommended a boarding-house, in which we could all labor, and thus 'keep the family together;' another, a share in some lucrative business, in which my son would one day be partner, but I cared not to enter upon the struggles and anxieties of a business which financial knowledge alone could render successful, and longed too for the quiet of the country, and rest, though in humble poverty.

We bought the cottage and a little farm, of which neither fire nor failure can deprive us. I had learned the wisdom of the prayer of Agur, 'Give me neither poverty nor riches,' and I could use it sincerely in praying for my children. For a son I resolved not to spend a life of toil. That he should possess wealth or honor, I had no ambition; I had mingled with the rich and honored, and turned away in disgust. I never placed before him fame as an incentive to exertion, and cared



not to see his brow adorned with gory laurels or a civic crown. That he should possess a cultivated mind and become a useful citizen would satisfy for him my heart's desire. I have lived to be glad his energies are not paralyzed by the hopes of an inheritance ; and had I a dozen sons, I would not enervate them with riches. The wide world is before them, with every pathway leading to wealth and usefulness, pleasure and honor, free for them to choose, and every facility to aid them in the pursuit, and were I a man in the presence of all these, I would blush and hide my head at the thoughts of waiting for an inheritance.

Upon the daughter I looked with equal fondness, and thought : ' How great a difference ! For her the world has nothing, for even beauty and personal attractions have been denied.'

For myself, I was rich in their love ; I had experienced a great loss, and had my heart rent by many calamities. But I had been blessed with many years of happiness, the remembrance of which must ever live in my soul as a well-spring of joy. There was a green spot in the desert of life, a bright oasis on which the weary eye could ever turn and rest. In my children I lived anew. To educate them was occupation for my mind ; to nourish their affections and clasp them to my bosom, was warmth to my heart. Once it was weakness and folly to talk of loneliness, but now I was accused of indifference in my affliction if I did not wail in despair. Once it would have been indecorous to speak of the oppressiveness of solitude, but now I could with impunity sit down and feed on grief, and all were ready with their words of sympathy. But I had seen a period of life more dark than this, had learned the truth of his words who said : ' There is a solitude more desolate than widowhood.'

We must return and in a few words finish the story of the proud, stately girl who laughed at the sorrow which could touch the heart, and faded as its shadows fell around her. Her trifling was indeed checked by the trifter, and slowly the round, red cheek grew ashy pale, as the grief she would not confess preyed upon her spirit.

She was loved, I doubt not. They were not all idle words to which she listened, neither were they spoken to deceive. But pride and ambition quenched the spark which the wily little god had kindled at his own discretion ; and it was not a matter to trouble the conscience of him who wooed and won a heart, to cast it off when it was no longer for his interest or pleasure to retain it.

He had loved before, and seen the grave close over the object of his affections ; but from his appearance it might be inferred that the pleasures of the gay world had healed entirely his wounded affections ; at least, that the stroke was forgotten during the months of devotion to another. To her he became betrothed, and she was allowed to bask in the sun-shine of hope and happiness, till a true and strong affection had taken root in her heart, when he suddenly awoke to the sin of having forgotten her who was buried.

What can equal the wounded pride of woman ? ' It is right,' said Julia, ' I blame him not ;' and though it wrung her heart, no word of censure escaped her lips.

He went among his friends to ridicule her passion, which he denied had ever been returned, and still she smiled, instead of scorning his hollow friendship. She did not even show her triumph when she learned that he went from her, and ere the falsehood he had spoken died on his lips, sought with professions of singleness and devotion the jewelled hand of one who could confer upon him the wealth he coveted in order to place him upon the pinnacle to which his ambition soared. The blood did not seem to quicken in her veins when she listened to the story, and heard that the haughty possessor of millions rejected him with the contempt he merited. Yes, she knew her strength when she said, 'I might feel, but I would not betray;' and in order to be sure that pity should not be the boon the world should think it necessary to bestow on her, she would marry another and perjure herself in sight of Earth and Heaven. She was sought by one whose very existence seemed to depend on her smile, and he could not see that the smile she wore so gayly in his presence was assumed to deceive, and came not from the heart. They were married, but her eye fell and her cheek blanched at the altar.

When her purpose was accomplished, she wore no longer the semblance of happiness, and soon sank into hopeless misanthropy and disease. But her wasted form and sunken cheek did not tell the world of unrequited love. She was married, and another name was given to her malady. It was only a little while accomplishing its work, and when it was done the world exclaimed: 'How sad, how mysterious, that she should be thus cut off in the midst of life, and just as happiness had dawned so brightly upon her path!'

'There is little accomplished in the world by the happy,' says a wise man who has accomplished much, but concerning whose happiness we are not specifically informed. And though we do not hear the words, we know it is God who speaks, by the events and circumstances which we cannot control: 'Thou mayest like to do this, but thou must do that,' comes in tones we cannot mistake to turn us from our most cherished purposes.

It jars sadly upon our spirit to be obliged to write the fate of Mary, the gay, frolicksome, laughing creature, who, it would seem to us, so deserved the happiness which would have kept her heart buoyant and made her the very sun-shine to all around her.

She did not experience falsehood, which would have crushed her instantly to death, but she was engaged to one who had yet fortune to make and honor to win, and who, had life been spared, would have done it nobly; but in his haste to be rich, he trifled with health, and wasted in too anxious toil the life which should have been preserved to do good upon the earth. Had not misfortune visited us, the portion which her father always promised, might have furnished them a fair beginning and enabled them 'to begin the world,' with a goodly prospect of success, and insured to them long life and happiness. Now they were doomed to wait, and hope deferred became hope blighted and destroyed.

For months our cottage was the home of the sufferer, and Mary was

the ministering angel around the couch of death, and became herself so wasted that I feared she would soon follow her lover to the tomb. But she did not. While she had duties to perform, and while the comfort of another depended on her cheerfulness and strength, her step was light and her voice calm; but when he was gone and there was no longer excitement to sustain her, she was for a time prostrate with grief and exhaustion. She attended the coffin to the grave, and saw it quietly deposited in its narrow resting-place, and betraying very little emotion, had scarcely crossed the threshold on her return, when she fell seemingly lifeless as the corpse we had borne forth only an hour before. For two days and nights she awoke only to swoon again, and then slowly recovered, though to her cheek never came back the deep tinge of her girlish health, nor to her joyous spirit the elasticity of girlish happiness. She was not melancholy, but subdued. If my heart had ever an idol, she was the object of its idolatry. How I loved her! so pure, so beautiful, so good. How gladly would I have sacrificed myself to give her happiness, yet how brightly shone forth the lofty excellence of her character in the hour of trial; to what intensity was my love increased when she was helpless and in affliction. Yes, 'it is good to be afflicted.' It is very mysterious, the connection between suffering and the best good and highest happiness of the inhabitants of this poor world; but though it is a mystery we cannot solve, it is a provision by the HIGHEST WISDOM which we cannot doubt, if we look only at the results within our knowledge.

For many months we lived quietly together, and each performed a portion of the quiet labors which our humble sphere required, but it became evident that Mary would sink into misanthropy without something which required the exertion of her mind, and gave her an object for which she could labor, and feel that something were accomplished on which she could look and say: 'I have not lived in vain.'

Activity is the want of every human mind; to be supported, to be protected, is not enough even for woman. When Eveline Berenger, the Norman maiden, was besieged in her strong castle, and had a thousand brave men in shields and helmets, with bows and lances risking their lives in her defence, she knew that all that human power could do would be done to save her, yet she was not content. She lived in the time when high-born maidens were not supposed to need even the pleasures of knowledge; and he who portrays her character, seldom gives to his heroines a want except that of loving and being loved: yet in her mouth he puts a sentiment which by some at this day, is considered the offspring of fanaticism, and quite unworthy a true woman to utter. 'Men are happy,' said she to her companion, 'men are happy, my beloved Rose; their anxious thoughts are either diverted by toilsome exertion, or drowned in the insensibility which follows it. They may encounter wounds and death, but it is we who feel in the spirit a more keen anguish than the body knows, and in the growing sense of present ill and fear of future misery, suffer a living death more cruel than that which ends our woes at once.'

This is the feeling of every imprisoned woman, whether the walls

that inclose her are castle with tower and guards and battlements, or woodland cottage, with the frail creeper and eglantine alone to shield her. If she has mind and character, she must have object.

We had enough to live comfortably, but it was with the exercise of great economy ; and Mary's disinterested nature prompted her to say : ' My little sister has yet to be educated, and I would rather toil to procure the means of giving her every advantage, than myself to enjoy what rightfully belongs to her. I have gifts and acquisitions, though they have not been called into exercise, and I shall be better to go forth into the world a little while, though it will be like tearing my heart out at first to leave my home and those I love.'

So she went forth, and a little cabin on a western prairie is witness to a little group gathered every day around a youthful maiden, concerning whom it is said : ' How can she give herself up, so young and fair, to a life so solitary, self-denying, and laborious ? ' Ah ! what would not the secrets of the heart reveal concerning the motives of many an exile and devotee ! There is only one love that can keep the heart fresh and warm, and give strength for every duty ; but the consciousness of rectitude and the hope of doing good, with the blessing of HEAVEN, may enable us to endure even to the end.

Aunt Ida is living still, and is very happy to be again in the little cottage, though she is now released from duty. She sits in the great-chair with her motherly cap drawn a little more closely over her furrowed brow, and her broad kerchief pinned in true grandmotherly fashion over her shoulders, which are not the least bit stooping yet. She knits and makes herself comfortable. She never reminded me of her prophecy, when we were obliged to leave our grand city home, but smoothed the way as well as she could ; and in her will, which I have seen, she has left all her worldly effects, and these include a snug little sum which she could not have earned anywhere but as housekeeper in a city establishment, to the little Ellen whom she has loved and petted as if she had been her own grandmother. We have no disputes now, because she is too old to enter into them with zeal, and because she has come to think most of my notions are, on the whole, about right, concerning the ' bringing up of girls.'

' The neighbors ' have lost none of their ' charity and brotherly love,' and seem to have had nothing to do since we departed but improve in the science and art of gossiping, which they have brought to great perfection. ' They knew 't would come to this when she married an old man for his money : no good ever comes of such matches. Folks better be contented as they are, especially when they get nothing by changing but fine airs.' They are sure we have lost all our religion, because we manifest what we have in a little different way from what they do ; but while we are sure that they, though living in the country, have not become any more deeply imbued with the pure spirit of the Gospel, we leave them to cultivate the graces according to their own consciences, and take the liberty of doing the same ourselves.

This is the past and present. The future is before us.

## F A S H I O N .

BY ANGUS.

THE fashions now are very odd,  
 And at EUGENIE'S or VICTORIA'S nod  
 Our ladies change, and year by year  
 Their dresses 'cost them very dear.'  
 Maidens some time ago, the silly dupes,  
 Wanted more room and ordered hoops;  
 For a mighty queen to hide a natural thing  
 Encircled her form with ring o'er ring,  
 And to a ball she stoutly went,  
 To follow out her mind's intent:  
 The ruse was good: none dreamed behind  
 There lurked an heir, or any sign.  
 Our damsels quickly took the cue,  
 Although no cause to hide from view  
 Their taper forms; but Fashion's laws  
 Are followed still in spite of flaws.  
 Some time ago a hidden rustle,  
 Proclaimed behind a mighty bustle;  
 But freedom shrieked, and cotton's high,  
 So close behind now dresses lie.  
 Another fault, 't is sad to tell,  
 Is often found with the lovely belle,  
 Her dress, too long for flying feet,  
 Is scant enough near beauty's seat.  
 Now if your dress you'd shorter cut,  
 And high above you'd put it up,  
 We'll love you more, and gladly take  
 And cherish you for Virtue's sake.  
 Our dames and sires did often meet,  
 To chase the hours with flying feet;  
 But hand-and-hand they always lent,  
 And never nearer ever went.  
 But now a lady's waist is resting-place  
 For any snob that cares to grace  
 An evening ball: in giddy throng  
 They squeeze, and glide, and bob along.  
 Our mothers thought it was no shame  
 To imitate the good house-dame,  
 And gladly strove by every care  
 To please their lords and help the *fare*.  
 But in this age, when wife we get,  
 We bargain for a little pet,  
 Whose jewel-case and white-kid gloves,  
 Constitute her dearest loves.  
 Now this is wrong, ye maidens fair!  
 Then listen to my humble prayer:  
 Shun your glass, let Fashion 'slide,'  
 And Truth and Reason be your guide.

Fort Leavenworth, (K. T.), April 1st, 1857.

## LINA: AN OLD MAN'S MEMORY.

## PART FIRST.

HA! they say I am growing old. Old! I was old a score of years ago. This hand is fleshless and wrinkled, and as I write, it moves tremulously over the paper. True, it was not so twenty years ago, nor were my eyes dimmed and despoiled of their youthful lustre; my step was firm, my head erect, my hair as glossy as when my mother bade me her last, dying farewell: all these I had—yet I was old. My life was gone: I only existed. Twenty years! long, dreary years. And as I look back upon the thorny, uneven path, naught but mocking shadows, stretching their huge black bodies across the way, appear to my view. Did I say naught? No. One star—one bright, refulgent star at length penetrated the gloom of my pathway and drove away the shadows that haunted me.

There, yonder by the window she stands; oh! how like *another*! She is no longer a child, that I may dandle on my knee; she is a woman now, and I have smoothed with careful hand her pathway, and watched with fluttering heart her progress. She stands there by the window gazing out upon the bleak, snow-filled street, and ever and anon as some half-frozen, famishing wretch staggers by, a suppressed sigh, a whispered prayer escapes her lips.

It is fast growing dark, and the street-lamps shed their flickering rays through the storm; still she stands there. The wind rages and howls through the street, as if in mad joy at the misery and woe it was sending to many a poor abode; and she knows not how very like *that* night it is, that night when first she breathed the air of heaven. As that fearful night rolls back upon my memory, I can with difficulty keep back a struggling tear. And that night was just twenty years ago. Little did I think when in the first bright flush of manhood, I should ever witness such a scene; little did I know what woe, what despair was in store for me and for *her*, long dead, as in our youthful love we sat by that purling brook, and revelled in our 'Castles in Spain.' Ah! those were happy hours, alas! I fear too happy. The events of yesterday have fled from my remembrance; but *that* evening, that last Indian-summer evening, so full of joy and promise, remains in letters ineffable. How beautiful I thought she looked as I gazed upon her that memorable evening, that evening which must see us part, she to return to the wild whirl of city life, I to resume my studies at college. Dame Fortune had not fondled me as she had most of my class-mates; vacations were not for me opportunities to throw aside the mental cares of student-life, and ramble unrestrained through the country, or revel in the dazzling delights of Newport and Saratoga. With vacation came new cares, new duties. I must spend it in some obscure district-school-house, eking out a few dollars to bear my expenses at college for the rest of the year. But I did all this with a willing, cheerful heart.



Ambition had whispered a sweet tale in my ear and heaped up before my eager eyes invaluable rewards for all this toil.

It was in the autumn of 18 —, and the vacation fast coming to a close, I began to see the end of my intercourse with thirty or forty dirty, saucy ragamuffins, with no small joy. I received my forty dollars for three months' hard labor, and on the morrow was to return to college. As the evening came I took my last walk to the babbling trout-brook, and seating myself on the broad, smooth rock close down by the water's edge, I waited to bid a farewell to the mistress of yonder summer villa. As I sat there on that rock, and gazed half-sadly in the calm water, what a tide of sweet memories swept over me! It was on this very spot only three little months ago, that I first saw her. On that well-remembered evening I sat there on that same rock reading the closing chapters of the *Life of Thomas Jefferson*, and my meditations were in perfect unison with their spirit. They were thoughts of greatness, of honors; thoughts of good to be done, of hopes to be realized, of a name to bequeath. Both reading and meditation were broken off, however, by the approach of a foot-step. I looked up, and saw on the opposite bank some rods above me, a person I had heard much concerning from the villagers, but never before seen. They all spoke much of a certain rich man who in the summer months came from the great city with his family, and occupied the little cottage yonder among the trees. And I had heard, too, of this rich man's daughter, so beautiful, so kind, so stately. This was she then. But I was unnoticed, and she continued arranging a little bouquet of wild-flowers to gladden her mother's sick-room, I supposed, for I had heard also, that the rich man's wife was an invalid. She walked on slowly down the stream till she was nearly opposite me. I thought I had never seen such a being, her dark hair hanging loose, her dark hazel eyes, and complexion so fair; and then that plain white, low-necked dress, and that jockey hat and blue ribbons; and she was so queenly, so majestic — she was just my ideal. And then when she saw me, she blushed so prettily, and ceasing her low warbling, turned away into the grove beyond so proudly, so defiantly, that I dropped my book in the water in my eager gaze after her.

The following evening found me on the same spot, but my coat was brushed, my boots polished, my hair oiled, my beard close-shaven — for I was no smooth-faced boy; and altogether I doubt whether one of my own scholars would have known me. I had been reading quite diligently, as I thought, for a half-hour, when, suddenly possessed of a rational thought, I gave a rational glance at my book, and found it upside down. But I discovered I could comprehend and appreciate the page so as well as any way; for my mind was not there, it was off yonder among the trees, and pretty decidedly intoxicated.

As often in a storm at sea there suddenly comes a still, dead calm for a moment, and then the wind and waves contend again, so, frequently, a calm thought displaces the contention of the mind, and then is gone. For a moment I looked upon myself with a rational, mortal eye, and had not an ever-beneficent PROVIDENCE made it a physical impossibility, I should have been sorely tempted to kick myself. I had ever considered myself, and been so considered by others, a pious hater of that



wild-cat nature which induces young ladies to marry their father's coachman, and young men to shoot themselves, or immerse their precious bodies 'deep in some unfathomable abyss.' And now that I should change my nature for this unnamable nature flashed upon me as so strangely maniacal, or idiotic, that I shut my book a little severely and hastily turned away. But I had not taken three steps when by some mysterious fatality I saw that same white dress, jockey-cap, and blue ribbons stealing along *this* side the stream. Strange! Whom the gods wish to destroy, they first make mad. It is a venerable saying and must be true, for no sooner did my eyes reach that white dress and blue ribbon than my legs bore me back to the rock, and I began to read most laboriously.

To record minutely each day's progress in the road (O rosy road!) of love, to repeat our wild conversations, to speak of the strange, new life I felt within me, how she fed the fire of my ambition, how I stood for hours like a love-sick Egyptian mummy, and gazed and gazed at her tall, queenly figure; to record all this, I say, would but cause on your part a contemptuous smile at an old man's weakness, and on mine a twinge of a too retentive memory. Let it suffice then to know that before a week was gone we spoke; before a month we loved and were plighted, and now after three months, each passing day giving increase to our love, came the evening when we must part. I suppose all loves, especially printed ones, must endure partings, and any one possessed of sufficient patience to read a thousandth part of the 'love-stories' written, will find a parting an essential ingredient in each. It would be, therefore, a 'thrice-told tale,' and to you, perhaps stoical or platonic, a nausea, were I to record minutely the event I so well remember. Beside, the memory of it is to me a sacred memory. But we were not boy and girl; our attachment was not a fitful out-break of passion, the fruit of a love for romance — no, it was a strong, deep river running from heart to heart, whose current never rolled and dashed headlong over precipices to sink again into a sluggish, muddy stream. It ever flowed in that steady, unwavering course, disturbed by no fears or jealousies, and overshadowed by no clouds of doubt and suspicion. And at that parting interview, as I gazed upon her seated on that old rock, her hands lying listlessly in her lap, her eyes fixed on the ground, and ever and anon a single truant tear-drop stealing down her cheek; as standing by her side, and looking down upon her, I could hardly believe that she was really mortal, and more than all, that she was mine, all mine. Then, as if at that moment a dark angel had swept by us, I started at my temerity. For a second the beauty, the wealth, the bliss of love fled away, and I was startled to see myself — me, a starving, threadbare student, a vagabond — no home, no family, no friends; I was alarmed to see such a being stand by the proud, wealthy Lina Spencer, and claim her as his bride. But then the cloud passed, my threadbare coat, my well-worn shoes, my unprepossessing, not to say uncouth appearance, all were forgotten, and I was pressing this child of rank and wealth to my poverty-begotten bosom. How all this came about, how 'a city belle,' already arrived at womanhood, whose life had

been passed in gay saloons and fashionable watering-places ; who had been the pet of an indulgent father and a silly mother till she had grown almost haughty ; how this person, the courted, the admired, the envied Lina Spencer, came to forget or conquer her pride, to descend from her exalted position to give her heart, nay, her hand to *me*, I never questioned, nor shall I now attempt to find a cause. Enough for me that it was so. And how could I doubt her sincerity ? At the bare intimation of forgetfulness or change of mind, when surrounded by flatterers in her father's brilliant parlors, she stretched upward her tall form, and her eyes flashed almost fiercely :

'Change! Do you know me so slightly then ? No! I hate those brainless fools who hang about me, and fawn and smile, and tell me they are rich and I am beautiful ; who only talk of the opera, the horrible murder, the late marriage. No, Paul, I want a *mind* to worship as well as a heart to love.' Then the fierce look faded away, and her eyes grew so tender, so child-like—oh! I was a happy man. And so we parted.

'FAREWELL! a word that has been and must be ;  
A sound that makes us linger—yet farewell!'

—  
PART SECOND.

I WAS back to my books again. My experiences in the country had not in the least engendered a distaste for them, as might perhaps be expected. 'Love in a cottage' had never been one of my beliefs. I never could fully comprehend the bliss therein contained. Life was to me a battle-field, and as such I loved it ; and my interesting relations with a certain young lady in the great city yonder, gave a point, a purpose to the fight.

Like most students, I had before this oftentimes been sorely concerned about my future station in life, and generally the prospect was decidedly dark : then I would fling my lexicon in a distant corner, and in the language of the old dramatist Otway, howl most piteously :

'TELL me why, good HEAVEN,  
Thou mad'st me what I am, with all the spirit,  
Aspiring thoughts, and elegant desires,  
That fill the happiest man ? Ah! rather, why  
Didst thou not form me sordid as my fate,  
Base-minded, dull, and fit to carry burdens ?  
Why have I sense to know the curse that's on me ?  
Is this just dealing, Nature ?'

Now this was gone, and I no more repeated Otway, unless it was that passage a little after that :

'CAN there in woman be such glorious faith ?  
Sure, all ill stories of thy sex are false !  
O woman! lovely woman! Nature made thee  
To temper man: we had been brutes without you!  
Angels are painted fair to look like you:  
There's in you all that we believe of heaven ;  
Amazing brightness, purity, and truth,  
Eternal joy, and everlasting love !'

Time did not hang heavily on my hands, for I was full of hope, and that brought its joyful train. It was now my last year in college ; but a few months, and I would be fairly out on the sea of life. Commencement was over, I was an A.B. I pocketed my 'sheepskin,' and started for the great city, where lived — well, you know.

It was now a year since I had first seen her. We had made no arrangement on parting for any interchange of letters, as that would hardly be tolerated by the 'hard, cruel parent,' (*vide daily newspapers*;) so I had neither heard nor seen her for a long twelve-month. But no thought of the inconstancy which she so fascinatingly scouted, entered my brain ; all was a sweet tranquillity.

And now I was in the great city — for what ? I could hardly give an answer. The tailor was first to receive a call from me, the barber next, and some body else next.

'Night comes on apace.'

I walked briskly along a street with tall, proud mansions on either side, till I came to 'No. 43.' I had no time to consider how I felt, for the door was quickly opened by a spruce negro boy, who, taking my card, led me into the parlor. Here I had some opportunity to know how I felt, and found I did not feel altogether too easy. Some great preparations seemed going on : the parlors were lighted more brilliantly I thought, than ordinary occasions needed ; there seemed to be a great commotion — servants hurrying up-stairs and down-stairs ; I heard dishes rattling, occasionally a suppressed laugh, and then a harsh oath from authoritative lips. Presently, however, the door opened, and — not *she* entered. Instead, it was a tall, gaunt man, with a little round Jew-eye, a very Cassius visage ; one of those who 'seldom smile, and smile in such a sort as if they mocked themselves.'

I rose as he entered. 'Mr. Shipley ?' I bowed. 'You will pardon my daughter, Sir, for not seeing you. I recognized in your name that frequently dropped by my daughter in her moments of mental abstraction, and allow me to say to you, Sir, that it proves you to be no gentleman.'

'Mr. Spencer —'

'I say, no gentleman would permit himself to form a clandestine attachment with a lady of birth and wealth, and still less seek to lower her to his own grade.'

This was too much for my keen sensibilities. 'What do you mean, Sir ?' I demanded.

'I have no inclination to bandy words with you, Sir ; I have only to inform you that my daughter, whom, by some foul means, you attempted to entrap, but who now is thoroughly ashamed of her conduct, and is equally disgusted with you — please keep your seat, Sir — this evening at eight o'clock will be led to the altar by his honor the Count de Vauvineaux !'

Perhaps the reader thinks that here was a fine opportunity for a scene : I hope he is not disappointed to know there was no scene, no raving, no pulling of hair, or renting of clothes.

'Does your daughter know, Sir, that I am in this house?'

'She does not, Sir, nor shall she: you will please bring this interview to a close, by leaving the house! Good evening, Sir!'

I was in the street again; but oh! with what different feelings! I walked down that lighted street with heart how changed from that it was an hour ago!

On the opposite side, some blocks below 'No. 43,' was a large church, with carriages, and people before the door, and on inquiring its cause, I was told of the marriage of a certain rich man's daughter to a foreign nobleman — a Count.

I entered with others, and patiently awaited the arrival of the bride and her noble bridegroom. Counts were not so plenty then as now, and for a foreign nobleman to deign to take a republican wife, was quite an event in fashionable circles. The body of the house was full. Jealous maidens and envious mammas were not kept waiting long, however, for soon the bell in the steeple tolled eight, and then came a rush at the door, and *she* with unsteady step, a cheek like marble, was led slowly down the wide aisle. Oh! how like leading a lamb to the sacrificial altar it seemed to me!

The ceremony was hastily concluded, and the crowd began to disperse. I stood at the door to take one 'last, lingering look' as she passed out. She saw me! For a moment she struggled with her strength, and I sprang forward just in time to catch her lifeless in my arms; but it was not without hearing that low murmur: 'O Paul!'

The father snatched the sweet burden from me, and I passed out the door. *Then* it occurred to me how great was my loss; and, too, that not Lina Spencer, but the mercenary heart of her father had been the robber. Oh! what terrible, burning, bitter thoughts I had then — vengeance, murder, suicide! Then they softened into a strange desperation, and had they been written, I might have repeated these fine lines of Proctor:

'No matter,  
I'll take my way alone, and burn away —  
Evil or good, I care not, so I spread  
Tremendous desolation on my road:  
I'll be remembered as huge meteors are,  
By the dismay they scatter.'

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PART THIRD.

I MIGHT say with Dryden:

'The remnant of my tale is of a length  
To tire your patience;'

for the years that followed were not entirely without their events; but I pass over them all.

Instead of drowning myself, I had amassed wealth; I had chased the shining dollars with the same spirit a despairing wretch takes a dose of poison. I was a rich man and a great man, but oh! how I hated the 'wealth' and the 'greatness!'

I could never forget that year of my youth ; it hung like a ghost on my every movement.

Well, I went to Europe ; for what object I hardly know, unless it was to forget myself in the multitude of new sights and scenes. I was in my room in the Hotel Beauvais, in the 'proud old city' of Marseilles, 'full of wealth, and rich with works of Art.'

Europe ! France ! She had come to Europe after her marriage ; her husband was a Frenchman ; and I, perhaps I was in the same country with *her*.

I had heard but very little concerning her fate, and that was only some intimation that the Count de Vauvineaux had turned out badly, and that Mr. Spencer never received letters from his daughter. But I took this as mere scandal, and thought little of it.

In France I found my old love to visit and dream over ancient things reviving ; the contemplation of that dead yet ever-living greatness that fills us 'with thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls ;' and I sallied out to saunter through the older and more time-worn haunts of the town.

I had been visiting the mouldering remains of a once celebrated triumphal arch, and not far from this, wandering among the proud relics of a long-abandoned Roman church, when my returning steps led me through a narrow, winding street. Many parts of it were so filthy and loathsome, that I almost feared the contagion of some disease, and surely in this dark spot the dagger of the assassin might naturally be looked for.

It was in this place, and engaged in reflections natural to it, that I was startled, almost alarmed by the shrill cry of a female voice — she herself, a ragged, dirty, gipsy-looking woman, running out into the street from a door quite near me. '*Mon Dieu ! Mon Dieu ! Elle est folle !*' she exclaimed, hastening up to me ; and then perceiving that I was a foreigner, she continued : '*Anglais ! Anglais !*' and half-drew me in the door.

Surely, I do not know how many flights of stairs we climbed up before we came to a little green door without latch or panel ; but we came to such a one, and the gipsy-woman cautiously opened it.

The whole apartment could be comprehended in all its parts in one glance, for certainly it was not more than ten feet square, and much less that in height. But the most noticeable appurtenance of the apartment was a low rag-covered bed in one corner, and as the door creaked behind us, a form started up wildly from it, and looked at me with a terrible, unearthly stare. She was a very, very beautiful woman. Her face was as cold and colorless as a block of marble ; her jet hair hung loosely and wildly about her shoulders, and her eyes, oh ! how bright, how glaring they were ! It might have been a minute that we stood thus gazing at each other. At last I took a step toward her, and addressed her kindly in English, when she raised herself yet higher, and giving her white bare arm that repulsive swing, she exclaimed : 'Away ! away ! Thou art some fiend come here to taunt me for my ingratitude ! Away ! away !'

Then, as if overcome, she slowly sank back on her pillow. But that

voice ! In an instant all the labor of years was lost ; that great fabric of insensibility I had built about me was thrown to the ground. I was no longer a cold, haughty business man, but a youth — a lover. The impulses of the heart, long bound down, suddenly burst their bonds, and sprang into a new life. For years Mind had been the pilot of my craft ; it had been a wise and faithful pilot ; but it never smiled, never told me of hope, of love, of heaven — only gold, gold, gold. But its rule was at an end : I sprang forward to the bed-side, and involuntarily murmured : ‘The COUNTESS DE VAUVINEAUX !’

‘That name ! Who spoke that name ?’ She started up, and glared almost fiercely at me. I could not move, nor speak — only stand and gaze in turn. And now a terrible storm suddenly burst forth, as if to heighten the awful solemnity of the scene within. I cannot attempt to describe it. The thunder seemed to shake the house from its foundations ; the wind and rain, as if in fiendish mockery, beat against the single window, and anon a flash of vivid lightning lit up the dingy apartment. Still, neither of its occupants moved. At length the wild, unearthly glare of her eye seemed to die away : I drew nearer — I saw a tear.

‘Lina !’

‘Paul !’

She was in my arms.

It is ten minutes since I wrote the last line. I could not hold my pen — pardon my weakness — it is many, many years ago, but as I recall that scene, I cannot keep back my struggling tears. But I wept then, and *she* — O HEAVEN ! spare me from ever hearing such sobs again ! I cannot lengthen this scene ; I cannot write how many times she besought my forgiveness, how tearfully she told me that she became the Countess de Vauvineaux not from her own free will, and much less can I write how joyfully I forgot all, yet how full of sadness and amazement at finding her in this wretched garret. But she bade me to ask no questions, only pointing with her thin, wan hand, to a blotted, tear-stained paper on a little wooden table near the bed. From this I afterward learned the sad cause. Alas ! poor girl, she found herself the wife of a libertine ; she had learned too well that the Frenchman loves his mistress, not his wife. Sickened with her life, she left his roof scarce a year before that terrible night. Too proud to return to her father, she had sought to support life with her own frail hands ; and that attempt had brought her to this. This paper she had requested her woman to mail for America, addressed to ‘William Spencer Esq.,’ etc.

But I knew none of this when I stood beside her there, and my feelings were a strange mixture — pity, remorse, joy, love, wonderment.

I saw her strength was fast failing ; her eyes were growing dim, her lips turned to ashen, and I rested her head softly on my breast. Suddenly she started up, and pointed to a distant corner of the room. I looked ; ’t was a child — a babe in the old gipsy’s arms. ’T is his, Paul — mine, Paul ! Will you be a father to it ? Bring it here — poor

child — sweet child.' It was laid upon her bosom ; she smiled, closed her eyes, and thus she died. Lina was dead ! I would be a father to her child.

She no longer stands by the window, gazing out upon the storm ; she has drawn close the curtain, and now sits by the cheerful grate yonder, and ever and anon casts a wondering glance at me. She wonders what I should be so long writing.

And that is Lina's child. She little knows that I have been recording her mother's sad fate ; she little knows of her father's ignominious death — only that I call her daughter, and this is her home. And now she has stolen up to me, and placing her fair white arms about my neck, whispers to me so sweetly earnest : ' Haven't you written enough, father ? ' How can I resist, as she leans over and kisses this old, wrinkled forehead ? Down goes my pen.

A. A. R.

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A C A V A L R Y S O N G .

SOLDIERS bold we are bred and born,  
And we revel in the wine and song :  
Our life is free, our hearts are light,  
Our steeds are good, and our weapons bright :  
Our home is ever the prairie green,  
Our bivouac-fires are nightly seen.  
With comrades bold our hearts we link,  
And round our fires to the *fair* we drink.  
The stars above all brightly shine,  
As we pitch our tents in martial line :  
And from the green sward gaze afar  
Upon the fixed and wandering star.

The prairies green we lightly skim,  
And o'er the streams we dauntless swim :  
Our dusky foes we downward charge,  
And strike away the tough bull-target.  
When ' boots and saddles ' \* loudly play,  
And then ' To horse ' \* the bugles say,  
Gladly we mount and ride away ;  
When the sun comes up at the dawn of day,  
Sometime we chase the bounding roe,  
And then to death allure the doe ;  
The stately elk and the buffalo  
We charge upon, and lay them low.  
Soldiers we are, and soldiers will be,  
Through time and all eternity :  
And true to our God and our lady fair,  
We'll sing our songs and banish care.

ANGUS.

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\* Bugle-calls in mounted regiments.



## I N V O C A T I O N .

## I.

Oh! come with thy slumbers, gentle Night  
And seal mine eyes;  
Let me rest in peace, till the morning's light  
Shall bid me rise.

## II.

My brain is weary of too much thought,  
Yet will not rest;  
And Sleep comes not, though fondly sought  
To be my guest.

## III.

Oh! come with thy slumbers, gentle Night,  
And bring a dream:  
Let me glide, by the summer's noon-day light,  
Adown some stream.

## IV.

Let it be that stream, along whose shore  
I roved in youth;  
Bring back my boyhood's days once more  
In dreams like truth.

## V.

Like a green snake coiled round the hills,  
That stream I see,  
Flowing slowly on by olden mills,  
To seek the sea.

## VI.

Where the willows droop to kiss the billows  
Of its soft tide,  
And the billows rise to kiss the willows,  
Let me glide.

## VII.

On its gentle waters let me float,  
By the heaving current swayed:  
Or moor for awhile my little boat  
In the cool, green shade.

## VIII.

Then rocked to rest on the wave's soft breast,  
Sweet slumber soon I'd find:  
Lulled by the rippling stream's unrest,  
Lulled by the sighing wind.

## IX.

And my waking thoughts like dreams would be;  
And visions, fair and bright,  
From the land of sleep would come to me:  
And now — I thank thee, Night!

## LETTERS TO, ELLA: ELLAS-LAND.

## NUMBER FOURTEEN.

THE sickness of the Florentine has been a slow, wearing fever, as the typhoid always is. I would willingly avoid the rehearsal which has been so long deferred. But a sick person, well cared for, is the central figure of a household. A history of the disease is a history of the rising and falling of the spirits of the family during its existence.

The figure of the Florentine, before imagined to be seen in light and fantastic attire, a spectral figure, woven by lights and shadows, advancing or receding with the play of breezes among the boughs, was now bodily present, and counted as one of us. Day by day the pulse receded, and her countenance became wan. Twice, thrice, many times a day our careful friend 'The Doctor,' came softly in, as if shod with down, approached her with cheerful visage, counted the beats of her heart, saw her tongue, inspected the hues of her skin, placed his ear to her lungs, desired to know if she rested well, and left as noiseless as he came. Sometimes a wet cloth on her forehead, sometimes a fomentation on her stomach, sometimes a draft upon her feet was suggested. Sometimes a variety of little bottles were placed on the stand. Once in two hours she must take a few drops from one; once in two hours and a half, a few drops from the other. To every request the Florentine herself was patiently obedient. Every thing she saw done she pronounced 'so very kind;' she was sorry to cause so much trouble; she assured us she was not very sick; that there really was no occasion to sit up of nights on her account: and to every inquiry how she felt, the invariable answer, with an invariable, wan and weary smile, was: 'Better!'

If our anxiety led us, as it frequently did, to follow 'The Doctor' to another room, and ask candidly what he thought of her situation, his reply was almost as invariable as hers. She was a sick woman, rather particularly sick; he did not perceive at present any necessarily fatal symptoms: she had been much wearied and worn before the disease took hold; her system was really very much depressed; but if she should get no worse for a few days, he should feel encouraged to hope that the disease would take a favorable turn. The great danger was, that it would affect her brain, or her lungs, or result in hemorrhage, but at present those organs were not seriously implicated.

Blessed is he who has faith in the healing art, and unhappy his fortune who learns by painful experience at the bed-side of his friends, how little, within the range of present science, medicines can do. There are no windows through which can be seen the changing phases of disease. There are as yet no medicines discovered capable of arresting disease, in its most serious forms, however accurately traced. The learned and careful physician knows many things which ought not to

be done, and knows how to keep watch and ward, with counter-acting and mollifying agencies, but as to any serious battle with any serious disease, the science of medicine is yet unequal to it. Its best skill consists in manœuvring light troops, creating 'diversions, and skirmishing at the out-posts. It has no imperial column to bear down upon the centre, capture the key of the position, and put the opposing forces to rout. Its best professors are they who acknowledge, however sorrowfully, that the issues of life and death are beyond them.

'The Doctor' could give us no assurances beyond these : 'If the patient should get better, he would consider it a favorable symptom : if she should get worse, he would think she ought to have immediate attention ; if she should remain in the same condition, getting neither better nor worse, he saw no reason to give up. On the whole, he felt considerable hope that the best way was to take a cheerful view of things, and not feel too anxious, not just at present.'

You shall see people who think it little for 'The Doctor' to take so much care, and do so nearly nothing. But this nearly nothing, is the utmost possible. He is ready and anxious for the opportunity to do more. He sees you piercing him with your eyes, and hanging upon his intonations, as who should say : 'Is this all ? In God's name, is this all you can do ?' He has the courage to meet your almost distrustful and aching glance, with a calm : 'This is all !' He will not murder your friend to relieve your anxiety, nor to save his own reputation. 'The Doctor,' in his way, is a hero. Many were they who could stand the fire of fagots at the stake unmoved, who would quail under the fearful ordeal of anxious and jealous eyes around the sick-bed. However hopeless the errand, he comes too, with a certain quality of healing on his wings. He brings an atmosphere of fortitude and repose. It is all done that human knowledge can suggest. The issue is with God. We are in the hollow of His hand. We may seek a little sleep ; there is one eye that sleepeth not ! We may leave the sick-bed for a reasonable period, forasmuch as results depend upon ONE whose presence is everywhere and evermore.

The care of the Florentine became an absorbing theme. Emily was in great favor, and her nights were often spent in patient attendance ; but the circle was narrow of friends who could be trusted there. On one occasion a neighbor, who shall be nameless, offered to sit out the afternoon. Her heart was very kind, but her manners were not gentle. She was full of inquiry if something were not wanted, and unconsciously betrayed her anxiety. I arrived at Ellas-Land from my day's attendance in the city, just as the neighbor was leaving. The Florentine said she was weary, oh ! very weary ! Could it be possible to procure for her a little rest ? There were appearances of mental disquiet. Your mother handed her a fresh rose, and seating herself cheerfully beside the sick woman, recited :

'The LORD is my shepherd : I shall not want.

'He maketh me to lie down in green pastures : He leadeth me beside the still waters.

'He restoreth my soul : He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake.

‘Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil : for THOU art with me ; THY rod and THY staff, they comfort me.’

The sick woman faintly interrupted : ‘THY rod *and* THY staff, they comfort me. Yes, the rod, as well as the staff.’

Your mother continued : ‘‘ Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life ; and I will dwell in the house of the LORD forever.’’

A cloth wet with cold water was placed upon her forehead : and other unobtrusive and gentle means applied to counteract the local tendency of the fever. With the long shadows of evening came Emily ; and her noiseless, trustful presence filled the room, as it were a pervading and dewy moon-light. I was out of place about the house, and felt how, in such a case, a man’s strength is uncouth and redundant ; how misplaced and coarse were my best attentions, compared with the mellow and flowing tenderness of your mother and Emily.

For a few hours I sought relief by a solitary stroll across the fields, to Nathan’s. There I found Nathan himself, absorbed in some new work of fiction. Father Green was seated in a large family rocking-chair, his feet projected forward upon a stool. Little Lucy and George were seated, one on each arm of the chair, sustained by his arms, and were playing steam-boat. Father Green was the hull of the boat and the engine. Lucy was larboard wheel-house and passengers ; George was starboard wheel-house and captain. When the boat was under head-way, the chair rocked freely, and Father Green puffed from alternate sides of his mouth. The engines were obviously low-pressure. But the voyages were short and troubled. Captain George was a vigilant officer, and often discovered a leak, or some other danger. He would command the boat to stop, get down and examine her, strike a few blows to make all right, then resume his position as wheel-house, and say : ‘*Ding dong Bell!*’ The ringing of the bell was understood to be the signal for starting, and thus the boat would be again in motion.

‘Do you ever read transcendental books ?’ said Father Green.

‘I am not quite sure,’ said I, ‘what kind of books you include within that description.’

‘No, nor I,’ said he. ‘I’m not sure, I would rather not be cross-examined on that subject. But the books I had in mind at that moment were a kind which are understood to be distilled and compounded from some sort of German basis — a cross between Scotch and German metaphysics, bred in and in, until the progeny degenerates into a malformation of English : and this again is blown up and inflamed by vague and supernatural Yankee.’

‘As, for instance ?’ said I.

‘As for example,’ said he, ‘the phrase ‘Days and Times,’ which pleases me immensely, because I cannot make out the meaning. It is like the sky or the ocean, I can make nothing of it. In that class of books, I now and then get hold of a phrase which fills me to the brim, and more too — a mere phrase, so empty and capacious that I hang upon it, and fill into it, as into a vacuum, all the undefinable and vagrant notions that hatch in my brain. Only think of them ! Days and

times, over-soul, and the like. The nub of the matter is, however, that when I can get a few children to honor me with their attention, as now, then comes my days and times.'

'In which event,' said I, 'every new arrival is one too many.'

'True enough in the abstract,' said he. 'Your logic is good. You have what the books I refer to call 'Insight.' But in this particular case, you are well in season. These little friends of mine ——'

'Not so *very* little !' said Master George.

'These friends of mine,' continued Father Green, 'now getting to be large children, have finished their journey for the day ; they are now going to bed, so as to grow fast over night and be large in the morning.'

With this explanation, the steam-boat came to anchor, and the two wheel-houses, passengers, and captain, retired for the night, leaving behind them an affectionate salutation for the hull of the boat.

'Shall we walk over among the trees, or go up to the hermitage ?' inquired Father Green.

'Or remain precisely here ?' said I.

'Not here,' said he. 'I wish to see you where we may be uninterrupted. You have been walking ; so let us try the hermitage.' And he led the way to his room. 'Truth is,' said he, closing the door behind us, 'I do not understand the nature of the disease they call 'over-soul.' I am not easy in my mind about it. In some of the descriptions I have seen it was made to appear much like egotism. If that is the character of the disease, or a symptom of it, I have it to-night. I desire to overflow upon some body. I wish to unbosom some of my secrets. I am overshadowed with a vague impression that my fate is approaching some sort of a crisis. Within a few days my memory has become sharp and definite. All my past life lies clear and visible, like a landscape when the atmosphere has been cleared by a thunder-shower.'

'From the part of it which I know,' said I, 'it is obvious that the landscape exhibits a pleasing variety of aspects ; in all of which predominate ideas of fruitfulness and repose.'

'You are kind to say so,' replied he ; 'but it is only because you have seen it under some illusions. It is, however, not the past only which rises before me, but the future seems uncommonly full and imminent. This may be a kind of spiritual refraction which makes me see in the future an indistinct resemblance of the past, as the images of sailing ships are sometimes seen in the sky. It may be the foreshadowing of happiness or misery, or death. It is something. You may think this a weakness. I do not care to argue the matter. I acknowledge the weakness. Ever since I became convinced that the universe has a SOVEREIGN who rules it, and who is present in all places at all times, all my experiences and all my reason teach me that those who listen and reverently wait for His voice will hear it.'

'Have you been among those who doubted the existence of DEITY ?' I inquired.

'I will tell you presently,' he replied. 'If these impressions foretell death or insanity, there are motives which make me wish at least one person to understand me truly, and to know my little story. I have not been what I seem. Even my name is fictitious. I would be glad

to open to some faithful nature, in case I am soon to leave the world, an explanation which shall show me to be no worse than I am. Will you hear it ?

I signified my sympathy and my willingness ; but inquired what was the prevailing tone of his thoughts : whether they indicated misfortune or the reverse ?

‘Not very definite,’ said he ; ‘but it is a high strain, rather like an anthem : not free from sorrowing recollections, but on the whole, looking to a range of existence giving more freedom and scope to the soul : perhaps its final separation from the body ; perhaps an occupation with the body under new conditions.’

‘Tell me one thing more,’ said I, ‘and I am silent. Looking to a future existence, what possible consequence can be to you the thoughts, good or bad, which may be entertained of you here by those who survive you ?’

‘I told you to begin with,’ said he, ‘that my mood is a mood of egotism, which answers your question. But there is another answer. I have been trusted by many. Should they discover me to be a man hollow and unreal, it would pain them. It would hurt them, for they would fear to trust again. Beside, in the other world, who knows what may be our condition ? Who knows what may be its connections and dependencies ? There is only one safety ; one safe track through the complications of the universe ; that is the truth. Now, I am burthened with a shame and a lie. I can bear its weight no longer. That is my argument. Have I made out a case ?’

‘I did not need to be convinced,’ said I. ‘My question was idle and speculative. I am anxious to hear all you choose to say. Go on.’

‘You know,’ said Father Green, ‘that the brain of a man before birth, is said to pass through various stages. At one time it is like the brain of a fish, at one time like a reptile, at one time like a bird, at one time like a monkey. After birth it seems to pass through quite as many stages, so that considering the chances to stop short in some one of the inferior conditions, it is really wonderful that we have any full men at all. Comparatively numerous are well-developed bodies, but even these are not plenty. Once in a great while we see combined with a good body a good mind. But how rarely is added to the good mind which has a good body, a good soul ! A full man, who is, and who lives up to the highest standard permitted to the human faculties, body, mind, soul, is a thing so uncommon it is almost incredible.’

‘When he comes,’ said I, ‘he has no companions. His condition is solitary. He reaches upward and is crowned with perpetual snow, like Chimborazo and Popocatepetl.’

‘That is not the kind I allude to,’ said he. ‘Begging your pardon for a dissent. Your human Chimborazo’s an undeveloped race. They have the body and mind, but lack the soul. Endow such an one with a soul to correspond with his other proportions, and the snow would melt from his summit ; sun-shine and showers would play upon it ; rain-bows would hang over it ; fruits, grasses, and flowers would grow from bottom to top, and fill all the region with plenty and fragrance. Depend upon it, a soul is a most genial and marvellous thing !’



Here ensued a pause, I did not perceive the relevancy of this discussion, and was willing he should find the thread in it which would lead him to his wishes.

'The fact is,' said he, 'and it is hard to say it, but the fact is, I have my moods when I seem to be conscious of having a soul ; but when I bring reason to bear on it, I cannot make out the case. Every thought comes back with a hollow sound like reverberation. I am empty. I stand in the presence of a fact which proves me to be rocky and vacant as the habitations of Petra.'

Then followed another pause, and a mental struggle ; but in a few moments the cloud passed away, and he stood before me as calm and resolved as one could desire, were he about to lay the corner-stone of the temple of Truth. Presently his countenance beamed with a smile, that seemed to well up from the depths of being, a happiness so deep and abounding that I was almost overawed by its solemnity.

'O my FATHER and my GOD !' said he, as if unconscious of any presence but that : 'THOU hast brought me through this gloom. I see it, that was blind ! The crisis is no more of peril. THOU hast been and art with me. THOU hast moulded me not unto emptiness and dishonor, but unto fulness and joy. Lift upon me forever the light which now shines upon all the mystery of THY ways !'

He came and seated himself quietly by my side, saying : 'Excuse me ; I have no longer the same need to talk with you. The crooked ways are made plain. The woman who now lies sick at your house is my wife ! Perhaps she will recover. Perhaps she will forgive me. Perhaps my solitary existence and hers may yet be warmed with some rays of social joy. This has been my mystery and my dread. I wished to talk about it. I saw and traced the evidences that she is the person, but I could not connect them. It is now all plain before me.'

'It is my turn,' said I, 'to need to talk. How did all this happen ? What means it ? You never told us you had a living wife. I have often been a witness to scenes and mysteries ; but a certain habit of self-respect has kept me from sharing in the knowledge of transactions which I could not explain.'

'Is there some slight tone of authority in your question ?' said he.

'Perhaps that is not material,' said I. 'What I mean is, that if you have no longer any need to make your explanation, I, on my part, have a right to expect and require it.'

'Sir !' said he, rising to his feet with dignity ; 'this is the first time you ever addressed me in that tone. Let it be the last.'

'It remains to be seen,' replied I, 'whether I should choose ever again to address you in any tone.'

'No : it does *not* remain to be seen !' said he. 'We have been near each other in sentiment, in companionship, in offices of friendship, for many years. These regards are not to be shaken off as a dry tree drops her leaves. I value your friendship, and I need it ; but not upon terms, not upon terms !'

'An honest man,' said I, 'can give no friendship to a vagabond who has betrayed and abandoned his wife, and then offered himself as a teacher of religion, while his unhappy companion wanders up and down

the country, neglected and miserable. No : not even upon terms ! You mistake me : I can throw off the friendship of such a man with as little emotion as I could throw off a dirty garment ! There is some satisfactory explanation of all this, or there is not. You know. If there is, I have a right to it. If there is not, let the word friendship as between you and me be forgotten.'

'Sir !' replied Father Green : 'Sir !' and his eyes flashed, as who should say : 'Do you know to whom you are talking ?' But the impulse of anger on his part was momentary. He walked the room twice or thrice in silence ; then turning squarely before me, drawing himself to his full height, he fixed his eye steadily on mine, which I flatter myself did not fail to show its firmness of purpose. He said :

'You are right : I am not fit to be here. I am not worthy to have friends at all. Yet you shall judge if I am as bad as I seem.'

'Go on !' said I.

'Well, then,' continued he. 'This marriage of mine was a college arrangement. You know how short-lived are college love-affairs. But conceive to yourself an over-grown boy, in every sense as crude as a wild horse from the prairie, uncombed and untrained. No discipline, no culture in mind, body, or spirit, but full of fierce intellectual fire ; full of pride ; quick to the stings of asserted superiority, either of wealth, culture, or scholarship, and writhing, like old Enceladus under *Ætna*, to throw off the clogs, to rise — mark you — a mere vulgar ambition for superiority, in order to rise and shine, and be praised ! They said my mind was quick and capacious. They did not know my toils, but they heard my recitations. It seems to me that there might have been a certain rugged and coarse strength of intellectual machinery. The tasks were ground through the mill, and ground fine. They were pulverized. By this token I wrought my way upward to the honors of my class ; such honors as might be won by a huge machine for crushing quartz over the finer, more delicate instruments of a philosopher's laboratory. This was my honor. I was proud as a general coming home from the wars. It gave me a certain access to society, for which I was as unfit as a rhinoceros. I had neither the manners to make myself agreeable, nor the modesty to be silent. If I could detect a young gentleman in the act of advancing an opinion, I would straightway attack and disperse him, I was proud of my logic ; I could draw an inference, with as exact a fit, as cold and inflexible, as stout and with as strong a sweep as the piston-shaft of a modern ocean-steamer. Think of such a man running at large and breaking into a social gathering of young people ! I have no recollection of my mother. My father was of the early settlers and pioneers of the back-settlements of New-Hampshire. Something he knew of Indian wars, and was not always absent from the skirmishes of the American Revolution. In force of will and of body he was no man's inferior. Among rocks, and trees, and savages, and wild beasts, and awkward countrymen, he was a king ; but his keen glance detected how hopeless the effort on his part to cope in ambition and influence with many inferior to himself in every natural gift, but clothed with the subtle influences of culture, education. He compared himself with a lion, whose teeth and claws had been ex-

tracted, and whose roar was at best a wide boast, compared with which silence would be princely. He looked to me to represent his ambition. I must be educated, and no man must be my superior. Superiority was the great aim; not a low and unmanly superiority, for he was above that; but yet a purely intellectual superiority, such as might vindicate its claim to high places, pronounce great orations, or lead armies. Certain vague awes and hopes of the infinite, no doubt he had; but of religious observances he was innocent, except so far as outward deference might in his opinion be required by decorum. The only religious institution he cherished was an old fiddle. You smile, but it was his notion that a good fiddle would carry a man nearer heaven any day than a poor sermon or a wooden prayer. We were much together, and before I left him for the schools, by how much of his nature I had failed to inherit, so much had I acquired by association and by the magnetic properties of his strong character. Scanty enough was my outfit, and many the financial expedients to procure it. No parting word was spoken; but I saw him following in the distance, loth to lose me from his sight. I was a crude youth, but not insensible. There seemed to go out into the world with me a banner floating high in heaven, to others unseen, unheard, but whose rustling sound was always in my ears, whose blazing motto was ever shining, 'VICTORY OR DEATH!' My physical organs were of that coarse and strong fibre which could endure much, and I knew long before my college course was ended, that my triumph was secure. At length the announcement was formally and officially made, which awarded me the valedictory honors. A kingdom would not have seemed more desirable; yet my thoughts were not of those near me, but of the old man I left among the hills. What would *he* think of it? I was afterward told that during the night after his reception of the news, he slept none, but in lively conversation, as it were, with his old fiddle, sat out the night. There are traits in the New-England character which seem dry and hard, but with all that, they are among the most imaginative people in the world. They think they are devoted to principle, and they are not less so than others; but then it is mostly a matter of imagination. The throwing of the tea into Boston harbor was the result of a most vivid imagination. The tea-tax was nothing, but in their imagination it had a great out-come. Old John Adams, with dry, sharp outlines of character almost repulsive, fearfully addicted to law and fact, was absolutely volcanic with the fires of imagination. He was for the Declaration, you know; but he was not thinking of its present effect; he leapt a great chasm of years, and saw future generations throwing up rockets, firing cannon, ringing bells, and oratory, and shouting. The Declaration was the string to set all this in motion, and he pulled it. Daniel Webster at Plymouth, called up the coming centuries, and announced that his generation was one of them. Well: I often picture to myself the imaginations of my old rough father while fiddling away the night all alone. The day, the great 'commencement day' arrived. I wished much that the old gentleman could be present, but I knew how his slender means were stretched and exhausted in order that I might be present. I did not expect him. But when I advanced upon the stage to perform

my little part, there he stood a few steps advanced in the crowd, through the central door, covered with dust! With a knapsack on his back, carrying as it were, his hotel with him, he had performed the journey on foot and free of expense. I had something to say about Socrates, which pleased portions of the audience. There were audible signs of approbation, but I saw only that one figure covered with dust. After the ceremonies were over I sought him. We walked some distance almost without an exchange of salutations.

'Well!' said he at length, 'you've done it!'

'I hope you are pleased?' said I.

'Just a beginning of the fight,' said he. 'I always had to charge from the bottom of the hill upward, and to pull at the short end of the lever. I wanted you to get the advantage of the ground, and you've done it. I do n't know nothing about this here college business. I reckon it's no great shakes; but the thing is, when you try, to come out ahead! You've done it here. I reckon you can do it anywhere.'

'But,' said I, 'you must be tired and hungry. Go with me and have some food and rest.'

'Upon the whole,' said he, 'I think not. I can do you no credit here. I wanted to see how you came out, but I will now go home!'

'And nothing could induce him to change his purpose. The older I get the more I think of these things. I have dwelt upon them too long. The material circumstance is, that I met a young lady, much known among the students. Like myself, she was on the voyage of discovery to find success. Her family was no higher than mine, but there existed this diversity, hers had made a circuit and reached at last the bottom of the ladder; mine was also at the bottom, but had never been up. In its migrations up and down the social gamut, hers had exchanged the vigor and animus of self-propulsion, for an unbounded dead-weight of conventionalities and cast-iron social creeds, which held them fast at the bottom, without the capacity to rise, but with an insatiate desire to be risen. Mine, on the other hand, knew not how to make the first step in the ascent, was quite in place at the bottom, but nevertheless, by a strong inward spring and compulsion, tending upward. She represented her condition, and I mine. Providence orders these things very well. I had strength, she manners. I had trained my faculties, as the Spartans trained their soldiers; she had flexibly adapted herself to the social arts of pleasing. We were both vigilant for the main chance. I think we were alike destitute of much that could be called heart, character, or in its higher sense, morality. There was no danger that either of us would commit acts of serious impropriety, but we had no other spirit save that of ready conformity to chance and circumstance. So far then, we were alike. But in the forms of things, and in conventionalities, we were as diverse as the poles. But I thought she fancied me; the road to matrimony was short and rapid. I then learned many themes of happiness, and many of unrest. It was a small thing doubtless to supply a cape, a lace collar, or an ornamented skirt. 'Every body had them.' But in my condition these small things were mountains of doubt and labor. They taxed my financial skill, as the skill of Pitt and Necker were

never taxed. It is, said I to myself, a great out-come to exchange a week or a month for a lace collar ; but doubtless love is the master passion. In forecasting the years, greatness loomed large in the distance ; but all my trophies were converted into articles of ornament or apparel. But I felt myself filled out and adorned by so pleasant a wife. Such little distinctions as fall to the lot of rising young men, often placed me in situations where I felt the need of her peculiar character. I could trust myself with problems in spherical trigonometry or conic sections ; but with a dinner-party I was helpless. I admired the dexterous tact by which she helped me out of perplexities, and said to myself : 'It is all in the family.' I was proud also of having won her. I knew she had been sought by others, but she had given her love to me alone. I would wear her on my bosom, and consider her weight only as so much buoyance, in my strong buffet with time and chance. While indulging in these reveries one afternoon, one of my college class-mates, a handsome but inconsequential fellow, approached me with a bundle of letters. He was partially intoxicated, a thing becoming rather frequent since his graduation. He reproached me with having robbed and ruined him, and to prove it, handed me an open letter, with the request to read it. It was in my wife's hand-writing. The bundle were in the same, and to the same address. In that letter she excused herself as well as she might from causes of reproach, and requested the return of her letters and sundry little keepsakes in his possession. In that apologetic letter the whole truth blazed out, as if written in lightning. The expressions were guarded ; but she abandoned him, she did love, to marry me, whom she did not love, from the necessities of her position and the advice of friends. Through me was thought to be seen an uncongenial road, but still a road to position. Time would overcome little repugnances, and one must, on the whole, do what is for the best.'

He placed the bundle of letters in my hands, but I read only that one. Did I fly in a rage and beat the miserable poltroon to a jelly ? No ! I was pierced, and with a poisoned weapon. The juices of existence were suddenly dried up in me, as I supposed, forever ; but the pitiable meanness of the wretch excited my pity. He wished to leave that part of the country forever, and I helped him, by giving him my last dollar. All the books of poetry, and all the romances I had read, pointed out to me the course I should pursue. I must overwhelm my wife with reproaches, and see her no more ; or I must leave a note of explanation, and commit suicide. But I had studied Socrates. I was wounded in my pride and in my affections ; how would either of the courses indicated help the matter ? I was perhaps the only person in the circle of my acquaintance, who had not suspected or known the truth of the matter. I stood, as it were, in the pillory. I considered myself a subject, a fit subject for derision. My love, it was no longer any thing : love, pride, ambition, hope, intellect, were stricken with a fatal palsy. My life was stripped and reduced in a moment to a single dreary consciousness of existence. My body was no longer me. My life was no longer me. I was a dreary something outside and apart, and looked upon myself as on a third person, or a machine, which had

missed its place in the universe. I did not care for it, what might happen : pain, death, disgrace, all the same to me — all the same to the manikin.

I took the open letter and the bundle to my wife. I believe I was entirely calm. I felt a degree of self-command quite new to me. Of all the things which could happen, the worst had already happened. I had nothing to fear. In this sense I was free. I believe I was quite bland in manner, and even smiled. I told her I had read only one, and that by request, before I knew its contents. I was sorry her friend should show himself so unfit to be respected, and suggested the expediency of throwing the letters into the fire. With their bright blaze all the castles of my fancy subsided into ashes ; but I did not say so. Her eyes were at first large with surprise and fear ; her face scarlet with confusion ; but seeing my calm and apparently indifferent manner, soon rallied, and said it was a *bagatelle*, a piece of girlish nonsense. I said that was the view I took of it. I told her I had given the fellow some money, and he had gone. ' Did he take money of you ? ' said she ; and her pretty lip curled with scorn, and she blushed as I never saw her blush before. She was willing to make brief work of the topic, and so was I. It was never again alluded to between us. But it was never out of my thoughts, except in sleep, for many, many years. I interpreted every thing in her conduct by different rules. I saw not only myself, but all things else, through different eyes. If I betrayed my state of mind, it was but slightly. But as time wore on, the iron wore in with a more icy coldness. I was conscious of a more death-like coagulation of all the currents of sensibility. After some weary and sodden months, I gathered together all my little values, sealed and labeled, and placed them in a place of safety, and left home under a pretence of a journey of business. From a distant point I wrote my wife a note, brief but kind, in which I told her where to find all the little that I could call mine, and wished it were much more. My journey was likely to prove longer than I had at first suggested. Circumstances influenced me to push on. I did not tell her to what point. But I said that if she should never meet me again, I wished her to feel assured that I wished her well. I felt myself to have been an obstruction to her happiness. If the pleasant illusions, under which a short period of my life had been spent with her, had been dispelled, I did not cherish on that account any feelings of resentment, but sincerely hoped that some more pleasant path would open to her, and her life would yet be happy. This letter I determined should be my farewell to all forms of educated life, to all ambition, to all society. Do you feel, Sir, as if there were any possible atonement for a fault so grave ? Is there now any possible road back to your confidence and regard ?

I said that ' I was not inclined to judge him harshly. I did not think he was justified, but there was provocation and excuse. Much must depend, in my opinion, upon what had taken place since : how he had borne himself, and what he had done.'

' Badly enough,' said he. ' I will tell you the whole.'

' But,' said I, ' my presence at home may be necessary : it is late. I will come again to-morrow evening.'



I hurried home to that dim light which always shines from the windows of a sick-room. Not much change had taken place in the condition of the Florentine. Emily said that she had appeared a shade more hopeful and bright; but she feared it was an increase of fever, and a tendency to the brain, for she had spoken of hearing her birds sing.

A V I S I T   T O   T H E   G I P S I E S .

BY MIGNON.

I.

THE autumn leaves were rustling, sere,  
The nuts were dropping round;  
Gray wrecks of oak-kings, like crazed LEAR,  
Stood with bright berries crowned:  
And waters far and breezes near,  
Made many a pleasant sound.

II.

But memory wandered from the scene,  
To childhood's early day,  
When of brown, lawless chief and queen,  
I read in tale and lay,  
And wondered if, in forest green,  
I e'er should cross their way.

III.

I thought of JOHNNIE FAA, the flower  
Of all the border side,  
Who, wooing from her castle bower,  
The grim earl's beauteous bride,  
Was hung from that high castle-tower,  
And all his band beside.

IV.

Of MEG, with fierce eyes darting flame,  
And elf-locks streaming wild,  
As wrathful prophecy and blame,  
On BERTRAM'S head she piled;  
Or, striding from the haunted Kaim,  
Appalled the scholar mild.

V.

But now before the camp we stood:  
Wagons, a tent, a fire,  
A caldron, fit for wizard-brood,  
And incantations dire:  
And that strange band, whose lineage rude,  
Still vainly we inquire!

## VI.

Grouped 'mid the gnarled roots they lay,  
Or glanced the trees among;  
The scowling, swarthy man, the gray  
Bent crone, with shrewish tongue,  
Chasing the loosened beasts away,  
And scolding old and young.

## VII.

The mother, to her wailing babe  
Chanting wild lullabies;  
The child, in gaudy rags arrayed,  
Staring in mute surprise:  
And one lithe, long-locked, tawny maid,  
With deep-black, radiant eyes.

## VIII.

She took my hand, that forest girl,  
With mystic cross and sign:  
Up-flashing from a cloud of curl,  
Her lightning glance met mine:  
And smooth, twin rows of gleaming pearl,  
'Tween her bright lips did shine.

## IX.

She promised wondrous things for me,  
But though her voice I heard;  
Blent with the breeze that, sighingly,  
The fading branches stirred;  
In musing on *her* destiny,  
I lost each fate-full word.

## X.

'How well,' thought I, 'that lofty mien  
Would grace a palace hall!  
How grandly robes of Indian sheen  
O'er that rich bosom fall!  
She, born to high estate, had been  
The cynosure of all.'

## XI.

But now, in tattered vesture clad,  
Perchance her lot 't will be,  
To follow some brown, roving lad,  
A drudge, from sea to sea:  
Or, worse, amid the bold and bad,  
To glitter guiltily.

## XII.

Ah! ne'er could sybil-skill explain,  
Why oft the great and good,  
Fate's beauty-gifts implore in vain,  
When thus, in wild green-wood,  
The rarest are bestowed — to wane  
Beneath a gipsy hood!

## *The Hut.*

BY HENRY J. BRENT.

### CHAPTER ELEVENTH.

ALTHOUGH that crash and cry were well calculated to spread alarm among those who were gathered in the cabin, still no one, but Rude Keller, exhibited any signs of surprise or fear. For my own part, I instantly comprehended all that before had filled me with vague suspicions at the movements of old Mike, and the absence of Benny Brown. The truth was to me as rapid in its coming, as was the suddenness of the sweeping crash, the fearful cry, and the wild yell that had sounded simultaneously outside of the cabin-door. And Rude Keller understood it too, but he understood it through the medium of what he knew to be its intention and its consequences, and I was not surprised to see him continue rigidly fixed in the same attitude of terror in which I have painted him in the preceding chapter.

Being the nearest to the door, I could more easily than the rest distinguish all the sounds that had been heard, and could separate the triumphant yell that had rung so fearfully distinct from the rest. It was the Indian's yell, and in it there was something so exultant, so wild and savage, that I could not misunderstand it, and it must have struck upon the ear of Rude Keller with an effect terribly distinct.

Mike's expression, 'They are swept clean off,' had no ring of the true Christian metal in it, and old barbaric Africa rose triumphant over the redeemed son of the old exile, and his dark suggestion well echoed the fierce and vindictive cry of his pagan brother. Sometimes the Christian's low-breathed words are as terrible as the loud-bellowed curse of the savage. But Mike could be sorry for his expression of vengeance, while Benny Brown could never be. Repentance is the creed of the one — the cause of the repentance is the religion of the other. Where was Mike's book then?

Mike sat calmly by the hearth, while the broken limbs of the tree might at that moment be crunching among the broken limbs of men; and I, too, was standing there, while probably within a few feet of me lay bodies like my own, crushed and mangled, suffering, and perhaps dead. The priest and I at least must be Christians, and do the Christian's part. There was only a bolt between me and my duty, and it was not many seconds before I had withdrawn that bolt, and, followed by the priest, I stepped over the door-way.

A confused mass stopped our progress. The twilight had deepened into gloom, leaving only a blood-red streak on the horizon of the western hills, like a flag held out by shipwrecked mariners, as they rise and fall on the long blue billows of the sea. All on the earth was wrapped in a garment of gossamer obscure, so that objects lay around indistinct and

mystic, though we knew them to be things familiar to us, as broken toys in our nursery-room, when only the dying embers in the grate shine on them, changing the younger brother's little hobby-horse into a phantom of that steed 'bestrode by Death, as spoken of in the Apocalypse.' Before us, immediately at our feet, was a mass of shattered branches, and the stout body of the parent tree, stretched like the body of a serpent, who had fallen among the arrows of his foes, and in falling had crushed and scattered them around him.

Strange to say, there was no groan, no movement, nothing to indicate aught of human animation and no object on the instant, as I fully feared, met our view, to tell that the Indian and the negro's stratagem had ended fatally for their enemies. Where were Rude Keller's companions, upon whom the lashing branches of the withered oak had been loosened? Where the Indian himself?

Pushing through the matted obstacles of twig and limb, I broke my way into the open space; but before doing so, I begged the priest to remain in the cabin, and see that Rude Keller was not allowed to leave it.

There was scarcely any necessity for that, though at the time I was of course, unaware of those events that were transpiring within.

I had no sooner reached the open ground where Sampson and I had waited until Mike should reappear from the clump, whither, as it now turned out, he had gone to saw through the body of the oak, a thing long ago agreed upon between him and the Indian, in anticipation of some such juncture as that which had occurred, when seated quietly upon the ground, I found Benny, with his head supported by his hands, and his elbows supported by his knees, as still and mysterious as an Egyptian sphinx; and in the full association of the scene, in the silence, in the dusky humanity before me, there was enough to conjure to my mind the idea of the similitude. But my sphinx must speak. I approached the Indian, and leaning over, so that I could speak only loud enough for him to hear, for I supposed this was only a part of his stratagem, and that he was anxious still to play out the ways and doings of his race, I said:

'Is any one killed, Benny?'

No answer.

'Is any one wounded, Benny?'

No answer.

'Have they fled?'

The question had its effect.

The old man rose to his feet, not like an old man in an old city, with his old habits of old indulgences, with his old limbs creaking in their rusty joints with dry old rheumatism; but he rose to his feet, like one of those fabled men of Cadmus, and he stood by me, a red old hero as he was, but not red with blood. Looking me full in the face, he pointed to the spot where the oak had so lately stretched its frame-work against the sky, and then, with a deep utterance, he half-whispered in my ear:

'There is one tree less in the woods — but there are as many white men as when the sun went down. Oga-ka-nin does not kill — not

even the tree, for it was dead : the GREAT SPIRIT killed it years ago, when HE was angry.'

I began to think, despite the solemn style of Oga-ka-nin, that he had indulged in a practical joke, and had meant to give his pursuers no more serious thing to remember than a rather magnificent fright. Yet I was not certain, for now that the Indian was all Indian, even to his sonorous name, I could not readily imagine that his nature had been contented with simply performing a very nicely-contrived trick of measurement, and allowing, by a complete mastery of distance, the branches of the tree to sweep only the skirts of his foes.

'Then they escaped?'

Again the Indian raised his arm and pointed with a gesture to the woods, that answered my question in the affirmative.

I breathed freer, for guilty as they intended to be, they had not succeeded in the full accomplishment of their purpose, and having failed in that, I was satisfied ; but *the tiger was in the trap*.

And then the savage nature of the white man, chastened somewhat by justice and education, swelled in my heart, and made me, with a thrill of animal joy, say to the Indian just the words I have italicized above, 'The tiger was in the trap ;' and the Indian's silence answered me that he had placed him there. And now I felt how unnecessary it is to make loud arrangements when great purposes are in hand ; for here was this instinctive lover of vengeance, this red outlaw of nature, calm as the scene that surrounded him with its sense of peace and symbols of safety, while his deadliest foe was in the hands, so far as he had a right to know, only of an old black carpenter, with a drooping shoulder and a prayer-book in his over-coat pocket, that taught him the lessons of forgiveness ; and for what I might know, under ordinary circumstances, at liberty to move himself away from the grasp of his enemies as easily as a hawk would break the meshes of a spider's web that hung between the twigs close by the branch on which he poised himself with his bloody talons. In silence had this Indian worked, and now in silence was he certain that his work was good. So fully was I impressed with the consistency of every movement that I had seen of all these events so hurriedly grouped together, that I leant with perfect reliance upon the mute power by which I was surrounded.

Was I getting to be an Indian too ?

The silence of my after-years almost made me think that I was ; but now that I am so regular a talker to the public, I fear me much, that I am nothing after all but a white man.

'They are talking loud in the cabin, Benny : let us go in,' I said to the tranquil statue by my side.

With a low laugh, the tranquil statue answered me :

'If the wind blew in the grass, you could not hear the storm inside the wigwam : the snake that rattles, makes no noise when he bites.'

'Yes, but he makes a noise to tell that he will bite, and this talk may mean the same.'

'We know how to keep his tooth from striking — a deer can do that.'

Benny's allusion to the morning's incident, convinced me that he had been in our neighborhood, even before he had appeared to come so suddenly upon the scene. There is almost witchcraft in the woods and its people.

Having satisfied myself of all that I had left the cabin in quest of, I now determined to return and see the issue of these complications into which I had been so singularly plunged.

When I set about fulfilling my intention, I was gratified that the Indian made a similar movement, and so in silence we commenced our return. The Indian's knowledge saved me some trouble, for instead of breaking through the stiff twigs and branches, as I had done on leaving the cabin, he now led me to the extremity of the limbs, where they were more yielding, and thus with greater ease we descended to the door, which, upon attempting to open, we found closed. That was a good sign.

'*Mabonoqua!*' That was the Indian's signal, and it was understood

The door was opened on the instant by Mike, and upon our entrance it was closed again, and the bolt shot into its place.

The scene within the cabin was somewhat changed. The priest was no longer absorbed in meditation, nor was Mike intent upon warming himself by the burning brands in the chimney-corner; and old Sampson seemed to have converted himself into a powerful young negro, with the strength of his Jewish name-sake in his muscular frame; and Rude Keller, whom we so lately saw, the very impersonification of terror, was now a sullen, grumbling, swearing bravo, caught in the toils, and surrounded by a combination of potential placidity, whose barrier he felt it impossible to break. Doubtless, to his frightened imagination, during my temporary absence, a vision had come to him of the crushed bodies of his friends, or at the best, he saw them hastening and hiding through the woods, while darkly behind each tree, stood the body of his Indian conqueror, with the poised barrel of unerring fate levelled to smite him, should he venture forth into the dusky and bewildering night.

The dog, too, had received new light, and with bristling hair ridged upon his back, stood at a safe distance and watched the tiger in the trap, and the tiger watched him as one animal watches another.

The Indian, upon his entrance, walked straight up to the priest, and offered him his hand, and the priest took it, as many a time before he had done, and many a time since, with the air of one who was born a knight and been consecrated an apostle. And then the Indian swept the apartment with his eagle eye, until it rested, like a ray of fire, upon Rude Keller.

Rude felt the burning coal, and turned away from its heat, and lapping out his tongue, convulsively licked his grizzled chops, and clenched his fingers, as if he was trying to loosen the rivets of a chain that stopped the circulation of his blood. No one spoke a word, until I advanced to Father Thomas, and in an under-tone, informed him of the escape of the men who had followed Keller to the door.

'It is well,' said the priest. 'I should have been sorry enough had blood stained the threshold of that good old man there; either his blood or the blood of others.'



This was spoken so loud that Keller heard the latter part of the speech, and his eyes met those of the priest. All criminals look that way in their trouble ; but not for holier purpose and better hope looked the caught culprit then.

‘ Who sheds blood here ? ’ he at length exclaimed, straightening himself upon the stool. ‘ Who but this red devil ? — who puts blood on his door-sill, and white man’s blood at that, but him ? Why do n’t you chain him ? Let me go ! ’

‘ There is no blood on his door-sill, Mr. Keller, and no blood on his hands, and those who came here to shed *his* blood are unhurt, and you are unharmed, though had you succeeded in your scheme, the Indian would be now lying on this floor, with his blood upon your hands. Thank God that it is not so.’ The priest in speaking, had approached within a few feet of Rude, and when he paused, he extended his hand, as if he would touch the person of the latter in obedience to some instinct of his nature, that while it made him condemn the crime, could teach him to bear to the tainted sore the balm that the good Samaritan poured into the wounds of him of the parable.

Keller saw the hand extended to him, and doubtless understood the motive of the action ; but whether he did or not, it made no difference ; for he sprang suddenly upon his feet, and before his intention could be intercepted, he struck the priest’s hand away from him, with a loud and blasphemous oath.

‘ Hands off, I say ! I’m no prisoner in an Indian’s cabin ; and no d — d Jesuit shall lay his finger on me. I say to all of you, stand off ! ’ and he looked around the room for something with which to arm himself, determined, it now seemed, to do and dare the worse.

Recoiling from the blow for an instant, and an instant only, the minister of God, whose creed was charity and peace, again approached the desperate man ; approached him with a face as calm as an angel’s, and a heart as brave as a martyr’s, and before he could seize on any weapon of offence, he clenched his reaching arm, and pinioned it in his grasp. But the left-hand arm of the ruffian was free, and as powerful as free, and with the force of a machine, it struck the priest over the temple. There was war then. There appeared to be murder too, for as the blow was sent with stunning and killing effect, the priest staggered and fell, with a dull, dead sound upon the floor.

There seemed to be sacrilege as well as murder, and I determined to avenge both the martyr and the man. It was not my fate to do so, however often during that eventful day, my heart had beat to do a deed of mischief.

Before I could clench with the brute, I saw a huge black hand fly into the air ; a great gray-sleeved arm whirled before my eyes, and then something in the shape of Rude Keller, except that it seemed more limp and helpless, was tossed into the air for a moment, as if a mine had been sprung under its feet ; and then, with something like a red mask upon some portion of it near its head, with four limbs, that seemed all broken to pieces, it fell in a great lump, with a hideous shout as of sick death, some five feet from where I first saw it rise into the air.

And there it lay, and no one went to it, but the dog who smelt the

blood on its face, and growled and snarled for a while, and then sat by it and waited, as if he wanted to see whether the thing would kick him again. The tiger looked no longer at the dog, but with a dull breathing, slumbered on his first death-watch. The grave was not very far off from that mass of once mighty, but now helpless, humanity, that Sampson, the giant, had smote with something as strong as the jaw-bone of an ass. But the priest came to, and with a gourd I dipped water from a bucket that Mike fetched from the Indian's spring, and bathed the bruised temple; and while he laid that temple on my breast, I prayed to him to pray for me; and while in his silent worship, I felt that his soul was on its knees, and that my poor name was nearer to the throne, because he spoke it, than it had been for many a day, since my mother, on her dying-bed, told her *MAKER* that she wished *HIM* to bless her son, another group came into that dread cabin-room, a woman and a young girl; and the woman went by all others with a wild and insolent manner, and squatting down by the body of the half-dead man in the corner, she took his head in her hands, and placed the bloody thing in her lap, and in her silent thinking, cursed him and us; and the younger one, with an angel's form in rags, and lips compressed, and eyes that looked of terror and of dreams, stopped in the centre of the room, and looked around at all. In the eyes of all she saw what she seemed not often to have found, and then she knelt down by the priest and kissed his hand.

## CHAPTER TWELFTH.

SHE kissed the very hand that Rude had struck. It was a womanly deed, and done in that accidental way, without a previous thought, by which the gentle sex sometimes illustrate their weakness and their force. Beautiful as the act appeared to me, it was also another phase of the complication of circumstances in which I found myself. What she was, I knew at once. Why she stopped and knelt by the priest, instead of going straight to the bleeding thing she called her parent, puzzled me. She had scarcely noticed the crippled object that was huddled like a rag-bag in the corner, simply an old, worn-out coat and pair of pantaloons, with vest and other garments of man's attire, with a mask put on and painted hands attached; but she had turned away from it, not in loathing, that I could see, but quickly, and had fallen on her knees before the better thing her father had thrown in violence on the floor; and by that prostrate form, whose bruised temple I was bathing, she knelt, making strong the resemblance to some sweet picture of an Italian master, in which is painted one of the *Marys* by the side of the great *CRUCIFIED*. Heaven help me, but I mean no profanation by this simile. And with his luminous eyes looked the good man at her, that young and ragged thing, that young element of joy, and greater than a king felt he, when to the regal hand come the courtiers of his realm to kiss their empty homage on the jewelled glove held forth for their worship.

Meantime, the woman who had entered with her, held the ruffian's head upon her lap, and sometimes gazed fixedly upon it, and then she raised her eyes and gazed at the different figures that composed the

company. Once or twice she directed her attention upon the priest and the young girl ; and a deep dark fire, smothered in clouding smoke, shone in the look ; but when she turned upon the Indian, she seemed at once to recognize in him the person of all others upon whom she was to vent her wrath. Benny stood by the fire-place and looked with a steady look at the changing lights and shades that glimmered and darkened amid the burning wood. Old Mike too, had resumed his seat by the hearth, and was calm once more ; but from the face of the priest the reverent negro never withdrew his gaze.



Sampson, after his deed of prowess, had gone back to his old age ; but I could observe in his half-anxious face a certain inexpressible and in-suppressible smile of satisfaction, perhaps of humor, and he gave me one or two furtive looks, that plainly asked me if I did not think him a very clever old fellow. Indeed I did.

All at once a shrill voice sounded from the corner where the man lay and the woman sat, and I looked over in that direction.

'Will you let him die like a dog among you, and you Christians and white people? How many were upon him? Negroes, Indian, and priest, and the white stranger, (meaning me,) and not one of you dare take hold of him by himself. Wake up Rude, and look at the gang of cowards all about you. Wake up, I say, man, and be a man! Who struck him, I say, and drew his blood? Priest! is n't it blood for blood, eye for eye, tooth for tooth? Look here, he is dying, and you won't come near him to help him. Get up there, you huzzy; get off your knees and let that man's hand alone; what's he to you? Look at your father and get up and come away from people that hate him, hate you, hate me. Young devil! I say come here! Will you let your father die and not fetch him a drink of water, when they can pour pailsfull over the preacher's head?'

She stopped, for at that moment the contused brain of the ruffian began to resume its functions, and some power over his limbs returned. He drew his hand across his face and then held it before him, placing it in such a position that the light could fall full upon it. From his face his hand received a broad stain of blood. That sight seemed to revive the wild demon in his heart, for he threw his hand in front of him as if he would throw it away from him entirely, and he vainly tried to get upon his legs.

'Not yet,' I heard her mutter in his ear. That voice seemed also to revive him; for he turned toward the woman as if he had seen her for the first time, and spoke to her.

'Yes,' she answered, 'they came straight to the house and told me where you were.'

So it was as I had thought. The news of the attack and of Rude Keller's imprisonment was carried to his wife by his escaped comrades, and she had started forthwith to his rescue. The tigress had sought her mate, and finding him, had crouched down by his side and almost lapped the blood from his clotted wounds, and had growled and snarled her fury at his foes; and what, following the figure out, she would call her cub, was in their hands, and fiercely she glared upon them as she saw the gentle priest bless the poor being with his saintly look.

'Go,' said the priest to me, 'and see if you can do any thing for that poor man. He must be suffering, and it is not right in us, so many here, to let him want for aid. Go! I am well again; and you too, my child,' speaking to the girl, 'go to him and help him. It is your duty; go, I beg you.'

The girl got up from her knees, as if to obey the clergyman. There was a something of wildness in her whole appearance that wonderfully impressed me. Wildness is the word, for none other can convey the impression she made upon me then. And with that wildness, not of the brain, mark me, but of the natural being of the girl, there was a harmonious unity of beauty, of intellectual expression and physical development. Her face was radiant with intelligence, and a certain look, that I cannot well describe, appeared to me to be the result of some

dreamy quality of the mind, some perpetual recollection as of things that had been, coming back to her in dim and scarcely distinct vibrations from the young, small part of her life. Her hair was nearly black, and yet not black. It was the hair of a blonde seen in twilight, or when the moon shines; and it fell in clusters, not school-girlish, upon her shoulders; and her shoulders fell like the sculptor's lines of beauty, until they were lost in patched-up rags and queer rig of dress, half-baby's and half-woman's. Had she begged a ribbon from some village belle, or was that bunch of tasteful color, bark stripped from the autumn forest, or leaves from the red dog-wood and the silver maple? There were feeling and gentleness and gentle blood, in the very arrangement of that something of color, that trembled on her bosom with the beating of her heart. Keep a sun-bonnet on her face for a week, but let her go out into the air of the pleasant woods, and her skin, now brown, would be as pure as the japonica that the bride of yesterday bore in the hand, the hand she gave away in love. The years of this young fawn of the gladed woods were not more than sixteen, and her wild vigor of look and limb made me think that she could go on to be sixty and yet keep on with her loveliness. There was a grace in the few movements she had made, that told of a brave, good heart, that knew how to beat in keeping with her lithe young limbs when they stepped along the humble pathway of her daily work; and yet, after all, I saw in her but the daughter of a ruffian and his dam; but who has not seen the tiniest and the gentlest petaled flower glimmer in its purple wardrobe among the savage scenery of a rock-hemmed way? Hereafter I will have to refer frequently perhaps in these pages to this half-heroine of mine, and therefore will dwell no longer upon a description of her now. My pencil in this chapter has but feebly sketched those lineaments, that my pen has equally failed in bringing before my reader; all that I can add now is, that no novel that I have lately read has in its pages a being so full of all the things that would charm a novelist or a novel-reader, as this calico-gowned daisy, with the loving heart, whom I have made to sit to me for her portrait. If I could tell my public what she now says of all this, they would be induced to give to her, perhaps, more of real every-day sympathy than at this moment they are disposed to yield. Perhaps she is reading now these very lines that you are dwelling on. God bless her.

So the maid stood up as if to obey the wishes of the priest.

'Did you wait for him to order you?' exclaimed the woman. 'You shall not come when he says so, but you shall come when I wish it. Come now, I tell you, and none of your high airs about it, either.'

As she spoke she rose from the floor, her eyes flashing and brow all flushed with fury; and stamped her foot, and with the gesture of a bedlam queen, uttered her command to the girl: 'Come to your father!'

The lips of the girl parted as if to speak; but she did not, and without a sign in answer, she walked with almost a sullen air across the room and approached the Indian, upon whose arm she laid her hand and pointed to the priest: 'Who struck *him*? Tell me, Oga-ka-nin, who struck *the* Father?'



The old Indian looked down upon the upturned face before him, and with an expressive meaning in his eyes, indicated without speaking who it was that had raised his hand against Father Thomas.

‘He wanted to take hold of me, Lizzie, and I would n’t let him,’ growled Rude Keller with a tone of vindication; and it struck me at the time that there was also a mixture of fear in his manner. Time told me afterward that I was not mistaken.

‘The bad white man lies. The servant of HIS GREAT SPIRIT never strikes. He would not even strike an Indian! Oga-ka-nin wants the bloody hand to go out of his wigwam. Stay here no longer, the door shall be opened, and the squaw, like a cat, can lead him in the dark! Look!’ continued the Indian, as he pointed to a streaming ray of silvery light that fell across the floor; ‘the moon makes the forest clear. Though your eyes are full of blood, Rude Keller, you can see!’

The girl listened to this command upon her companion with a look in which I thought I could trace some latent feeling of exultation; but the predominant sentiment, as exhibited upon her varying countenance, was that, as I have said before, of a wild and far-away character. She appeared almost to be walking amid these things, as if she was in a sleep, and only doing what she did in obedience to some vague force of mechanical necessity.

Before Rude Keller could reply to the command of the Indian to leave the cabin, the girl passed over to him and whispered something in his ear. The effect upon him was instantaneous, and his senses and powers seemed to return to him with all their former force. He sprang from the floor, and there was not one of us but felt for a moment that another desperate scene was to transpire. The apprehension was only momentary, for this strange being seemed no less under the spell of the girl’s whisper than he was under that of the Indian. There was no longer fury in his look, but a something else that filled his blood-stained eyes with terror; and he shuffled over the floor, leading the girl by the hand, and followed by the woman. But as they were passing by where the priest and I were sitting, the girl loosened her hand from the ruffian’s grasp, and without stopping him — indeed he evinced no disposition to tarry longer in the room — she came up to my companion and in a low sweet voice said: ‘Will Father meet me at the Canase-raga stepping-stones to-morrow?’

‘I will be there, my child, before noon. If you are there before me, wait,’ and he placed his hand upon her head, and in the subdued custom of his Church, he asked the God of the heavens to bless the child of the wilderness. And so she went back to the two who were waiting for her at the threshold. The man put out his hand as she approached him and said, ‘Come, Lizzie, come home with me. You are *my* angel as well as God’s;’ and then, as if he was ashamed to have given way to a sentiment so humble or so tender before persons whom his own bad passions made him look upon as enemies, he added in a loud, rough voice: ‘There is one more to deal with now than before!’ He shook his finger at old Sampson when he said this, and without another word from any one, he left the place.



Was it because my age made me more liable to sympathize with the sweet young creature who had gone away from us like a good thought, that I then ceased to think of any thing but her? I could not help it, for all the interest that a naturally ardent and speculative nature could experience, was excited within me, not within my heart, O gentle lady! reader now of this doubtful confession; but how could I avoid looking toward the priest, and drawing him away even from the inoffensive hearing of our poor ignorant friends, to ask him something more about her than I had already heard? In answer to my question, he said he knew nothing farther than that she was the daughter of Rude Keller, and that she was a good and gentle girl, and worshipped with a simple heart, and in all things acted as if she was some exiled child from a prince's hall; and that she bore the servitude her mother put upon her, a servitude of hard and heartless imposition, with a spirit of such patience that, said the priest smiling, 'her conduct would add another verse to Job's part of the Bible.'

And so that was all I could hear of her; but I made up little plans about her, not of marriage, gentle madam, or of wooing, gentle maiden; but of how, when I came into the full ownership by title-deeds of all my new lands and woods lying around about there, and scattered everywhere by hill-side and stream-side; how I would, out of my humble means that would be left me after I had paid for my purchase, buy her books that she could see poetry in print as well as upon the painted leaves of trees; and how I would win Rude Keller from his evils, and his wife from her devils; and that then I would send over to their cottage—it should be a cottage then, thought I—a grand piano or a meek guitar, and have my lawyer in the city send me some poor lone man whose cunning hand could touch the keys and strings of instruments; and have him tarry with me in the summer months, and send him day by day upon my brave horse across the running river and through the woods, to where my pet was living, to teach her how to make music in her home from other things than her own pure lips and wild young innocent tongue; and how the priest would help me in my scheme; nor did I think that he would say me, No, should I ask him to take the books in his portmanteau, and in his wanderings call by and leave them with her, and stop and teach her how to feel the force of history's great lessons and the bard's high mission. And thus I sat weaving my garland of pleasant blossoms, until my lonesome heart was cheerful in the odor that came from the bright flowers that, as I weaved them, I almost feared would fall from my garland to my feet.

It was old Sampson that wakened me from this dream of the maiden in the Indian's cabin, by asking me if I would not go back with him to the Hut. It was now after nine o'clock, but the distance was not great, and the moon was bright and the air was sweet, and I really longed to get back to the old tower and see old Mary again, and my horse; and I knew that she too wanted her black lord to come back to her lonely side; for she would be at least uneasy should he tarry away all night. She might perhaps be like other wives I know of, who sometimes make objections to late returns of supper-sipping husbands. And

when the priest joined old Sampson in his proposal, I readily consented, and then when I found that the priest would lead his horse through the forest and go on with me to the Hut, I could tarry no longer, but was glad to start at once.



PICTURE OF THE HUT.

Mike would stay all night with the Indian, and where there is a fire with plenty of wood in the corner, a negro will sleep, as seldom eider-downed kings repose. A cricket on the hearth is not more comfortable than an old negro gentleman, one of the old school, on a cricket by the hearth. I shook the Indian's hand, this Oga-ka-nin chief, and with a warm adieu to Mike, who promised soon to come down to the Hut and mend the sash in the turret-window, and fix up the garden-fence a little, in case I bought, we left the place and struck into the woods. And thus was my first day passed upon the land I longed for ; and when we got fairly among the pines and oaks, and we stirred the crisp leaves that had fallen from their branches, while the priest hummed some hymn to the Virgin from the vesper service of his Church,

my mind forgot the crashing tree that had fallen among the lawless gang, the bloody face that had glared upon us in the cabin, the furious tiger-cat in petticoats that spattered by the fallen bravo's side, and only saw the long locks of the young woman who had kissed the hand that was helping her to heaven. And thus we wandered on, passing at the crossing by the old mill — the Canaseraga stepping-stones it was, where Lizzie had made her rendezvous for the morrow — by the meadows and the white rock that shimmered in the moon, until we reached the Hut. We approached it from the river side, and I looked up at it as it stood between the moon and us. It was a rare old turret Hut of 'rare device,' and frost and moon-beam made it glitter like a jewelled pile. See it, my reader, as it stood before us in all its pride of log and light; and we entered by the door, and by my side entered the priest and Sampson, and the Past and the Present; and the Present took the form of the poor Lizzie, then perhaps wandering toward her gloomy home with the man she called her father and the woman who did not look as if she could be her mother. But Lizzie, though she was the Present, did not enter the old Hut's door as its young master's bride; no, there was no thought of that. And now I have finished the First Book of this Story, and I pray you all to wish me well in what I have to write of it hereafter: and with your good leave, I will now call Sampson to my room, to read to him, as I always do, the manuscript from which these sheets are printed. Good night to all, till warm July shall come.

End of First Book of the Hut.

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T A R D Y S P R I N G .

STERN Winter quakes upon his tottering throne,  
 Yet heads his legions from the stormy north:  
 And Spring, the uncrowned princess, seeks her own;  
 The loyal willow hangs his banner forth,  
 First, 'mid the frowning ranks of haughty peers;  
 While, by the brooklet, creeping all about,  
 The cottage children, roaming, with their shears  
 Cut cress and dandelion — to help out  
 Their simple meal. Lo! thundering on his path  
 The usurper-king prolongs his tyrant reign:  
 Yet timid FLORA, trembling at his wrath,  
 Still slow and sure, her rightful rule doth gain:  
 But when rich music stirs the nested tree,  
 And insect-life exults — shall I be there to see?

L. H. S.

Hartford, (Conn.) April 17, 1857.

## A MONTH WITH THE BLUE NOSES.

BY FREDERIC S. GOZZENS.

*The other side of the Harbor — A Foraging Party and Disappointment — Twilight at Louisburgh — Long Days and Early Mornings — A Visit and View of an Interior — A Shark Story — Picton inquires about a Measure — Hospitality and the Two Brave Boys — Proposals for a trip overland to Sydney.*

To make use of a quaint but expressive phrase, 'it is patent enough,' that travellers are likely to consume more time in reaching a place than they are apt to bestow upon it when found. And, I am ashamed to say, that even Louisburgh was not an exception to this general truth ; although perhaps certain reasons might be offered in extenuation for our somewhat speedy departure from the precincts of the old town. First, then, the uncertainty of a sailing vessel, for the 'Balaklava' was coquettishly courting any and every wind that could carry her out of our harbor of refuge. Next, the desire of seeing more of the surroundings of the ancient fortress — the batteries on the opposite side, the new town ; the light-house, and the wild picturesque coast. Added to these was the wish of Captain Capstan to shift his anchorage, to get on the side where he would have a better opening toward the ocean, 'when the wind came on to blow,' to say nothing of being in the neighborhood of his old friends, whose cottages dotted the green hill-sides across the bay, as you looked over the bows of the jolly little schooner. And finally there might have been other inducements — such as the hope of getting a few pounds of white sugar, a drawing or so of respectable tea, a pitcher of milk, (delicious, lacteous fluid, for which we had yearned so often amid the briny waves ; ) and last but not least, a hamper of blue-nosed potatoes. So, when the shades of evening were gathering grandly and gloomily around the dismantled parapets, and Louisburgh lay in all the lovely and romantic light of a red and stormy sun-set, it seemed but fitting that the cable-chain of the anchor should clank to the windlass, and the die-away song of the mariner should resound above the calm waters, and the canvas stretch toward the land opposite, that seemed so tempting and delectable. And presently the 'Balaklava' bore away across the red and purple harbor for the new town, leaving in her wake the ruined walls of Louisburgh that rose up higher the further we sailed from them. Now I wish I had staid there longer.

The schooner dropped anchor inside the little cove, which the reader will see by referring to the map, and the old battles of the years '45 and '58, were presently forgotten in the new aspects that were presented. The anchor was scarcely dropped fairly, before the yawl-boat was under the stroke of the oars, and Picton and I on the way for the store-house, the general, particular, and only exchange in the whole district of

Louisburgh. It was a small wooden building with a *flake* outside, for the fisheries, a fair array of tarpaulin hats, oil-skin garments, shelves of dry-goods and crockery, boxes and barrels in the inside — such as are usually kept by country traders.

But alas ! the new town, that looked so pastoral and pleasant, with its tender slopes of verdure, was not, after all, a Canaan, flowing with milk and blue-nosed potatoes. Neither was there white sugar, nor coffee, nor good black tea there ; the cabin of the schooner being well furnished with these articles of comfort as the store-house of McAlpin, toward which we had looked with such longing eyes. Indeed I would not have cared so much about the disappointment myself, but I secretly felt sorry for Picton, who went rummaging around the barrels in search of something or other to eat or drink. ‘No white sugar ?’ said the traveller. ‘*We don’t have white sugar in this town,*’ was the answer. ‘Nor coffee ?’ ‘No, Sir.’ And the tea had the same flavor of musty hay, with which we were so well acquainted. At last Picton stumbled over a prize — a bushel-basket half-filled with potatoes, whereat he raised a bugle-note of triumph.

It may seem strange that a gentleman of fine education, a traveller, who had visited the famous European capitals, London, Paris, Rome, Madrid, Vienna ; who had passed between the Pillars of Hercules, and voyaged upon the blue Mediterranean, far as the Greek Archipelago ; who had wandered through the galleries of the Vatican, and mused within the courts of the Alhambra ; who had seen the fire-works on the carnival dome of St. Peter’s, and the water-works of Versailles ; the temples of Athens, and the Boboli gardens of Florence ; the sculptures of Praxiteles, and the frescoes of Raphael ; should exhibit such emotion as Picton exhibited, over a bushel-basket only half-filled with small-sized blue-nosed tubers. But Picton was only a man, and ‘*Homo sum* ——’ the rest of the sentence it is needless to quote. I saw at a glance that the potatoes were cut in halves for planting ; but Picton was filled with the divine idea of a feast. ‘I say, we want a peck of potatoes.’ ‘A peck ?’ was the answer. ‘Why, man, I would n’t sell ye my seed-potatoes at a guinea a-piece.’ Here was a sudden let-down ; a string of the human violin snapped just as it was keyed up to tuning point. Slowly and sorrowfully I led Picton again to the yawl, and a few strokes of the oars carried us to the side of the ‘Balaklava.’ Once more we made a meal with brown sugar and musty hay, hard bread and pork — and gloomy prospects ahead.

It may seem absurd and trifling to dwell upon such slight particulars in this itinerary of a month among the Blue Noses, (as our brothers of Nova-Scotia are called ; ) but to give a correct idea of this rarely-visited part of the world, one must notice the salient points that present themselves in the course of the survey. Louisburgh would speedily become rich from its fisheries, if there were sufficient capital invested there and properly used. Halifax is now the only point of contact between it and the outside world ; Halifax supplies it with all the necessary articles of life, and Halifax buys all the produce of its fisheries. Therefore, Halifax reaps all the profits on either side, both of buying and selling, in all not amounting to much — as the matter now stands.



But insomuch as the sluggish blood of the colonies will never move without some quickening impulse from exterior sources, and as Louisburgh is only ten days' sail, under canvas, from New-York, and as the fisheries there would rapidly grow by kindly nurture into importance, it does seem as if a moderate amount of capital diverted in that direction, would be a fortunate investment, both for the investor and hardy fishermen of the old French town.

I have alluded before to the long Acadian twilights, the tender and loving leave-takings between the day and his earth; just as two fond and foolish young people separate sometimes, or as the quaint old poet in Britannia's Pastorals describes it:

'Look as a lover, with a lingering kiss,  
About to part with the best half that's his:  
Fain would he stay, but that he fears to do it,  
And curseth time for so fast hastening to it:  
Now takes his leave, and yet begins anew  
To make less vows than are esteemed true:  
Then says, he must be gone, and then doth find  
Something he should have spoke that's out of mind:  
*And while he stands to look for't in her eyes,  
Their sad, sweet glance so ties his faculties  
To think from what he parts, that he is now  
As far from leaving her, or knowing how,  
As when he came;* begins his former strain,  
To kiss, to row, and take his leave again;  
Then turns, comes back, sighs, pants, and yet doth go,  
Fain to retire, and loth to leave her so.'

Even so these fond and foolish old institutions part company in northern regions, and, at the early hour of two o'clock in the morning, the amorous twilight reappears in his foggy mantle, to look at the fair face of his ancient sweet-heart in the month of June.

Tea being over, the 'cluck' of the row-locks woke the echoes of the twilight bay, as our little yawl put off for the new town, with a gay evening party, consisting of the Captain, his lady, the baby, Picton and myself, with a brace of Newfoundland oarsmen. If our galley was not a stately one, it was at least a cheerful vessel, and as the keel grated on the snow-white pebbles of the beach, Picton and I sprang ashore, with all the gallantry of a couple of Sir Walter Raleighs to assist the Queen of the 'Balaklava' upon terra firma. Her majesty being landed, we made a royal procession to the largest hutch on the green slope before us, the Captain carrying the insignia of his marital office (the baby) with great pomp and awkward ceremony, in front, while his lady, Picton and I, loitered in the rear. We had barely crossed the sill of the hutch-door, before we felt quite at home and welcome. The cheery fire in the chimney-place, the spotless floor, the tidy rush-bottomed chairs, and a whole nest of little white-heads and twinkling eyes, just on the border of a bright patch-work quilt, was invitation enough, even if we had not been met at the threshold by the master himself, who stretched out his great arms with a kind 'Come-in-and-how-are-ye-all.'

And what a wonderful evening we passed in the hutch, before the blazing hearth-fire? What stories of wrecks and rescues, of ice-bergs and whales, of fogs and fisheries, of domestic lobsters that brought up



their little families, in the mouths of the sunken cannon of the French frigates, of the great sharks that were sometimes caught in the meshes of the set-nets ? 'There was one shark,' said the old fisherman, who, by the way, wore a red skull-cap like a cardinal, and had a habit of bobbing his head as he spoke, so as to put one continually in mind of a gigantic woodpecker — 'there was one shark I mind particular. My two boys and me was hauling in the net, and soon as I felt it, says I, Boys, here's something more than common. So we all hauled away, and O my ! did n't the water boil when he come up ? Such a time ! Fortunatly, he come up tail first. LORD, if he'd a come up head first he'd a bit the boat in two at one bite ! He was all hooked in, and twisted up with the net. I spose he had forty hooks in him ; and when he got his head above water, he was took sick, and such a time as he had ! He must a vomited up about two barrels of bait — true as I set here. Well, as soon as he got over that, then he tried to get his head around to bite ! LORD, if he'd got his head round, he'd a bit the boat in two, and we had it right full of fish, for we'd been out all day with hand-lines. He had a nose in front of his gills just like a duck, only it was nigh upon six feet long.'

'It must have been a shovel-nose shark,' said Picton.

'That's what a captain of a coaster told me,' replied Red-Cap ; 'he said it must a been a shovel-nose. If he'd only got that shovel-nose turned around, he'd a shovelled us into eternity, fish and all.'

'What prevented him getting his head around ?' said Picton.

'Why, Sir, I took two half-hitches round his tail, soon as I see him come up. And I tell ye when I make two half-hitches, they hold ; ask Captain there, if I can't make hitches as will hold. What say, Captain ?'

Captain assented with a confirmatory nod.

'What did you do then ?' said Picton. 'Did you get him ashore ?'

'Get him ashore ?' echoed Red-Cap, covering his mouth with one broad brown hand to muffle a contemptuous laugh ; 'get him ashore ! why, we was pretty well off shore for such a sail.'

'You might have rowed him ashore,' said Picton.

'Rowed him ashore ?' echoed Red-Cap, with another contemptuous smile under the brown hand ; 'rowed him ashore ?'

The traveller finding he was in deep-water, answered : 'Yes ; that is, if you were not too far out.'

'A little too far out,' replied Red-Cap, 'if I had been a hundred yards from shore, to row, or sail in with the shovel-nose, without counting the set-nets.'

'And what did you do ?' said Picton, a little nettled.

'Why,' said Red-Cap, 'I had to let him go, but first I cut out his liver, and that I did bring ashore, although it filled my boat pretty well full. You can judge how big it was : after I brought it ashore I lay it out on the beach and we measured it, Mr. McAlpin and me, he'll tell you so too ; we laid it out on the beach, and it measured seventeen feet, and then we did n't measure all of it.'

'Why the devil,' said Picton, 'did n't you measure all of it ?'

'Well,' replied Red-Cap, 'because we had n't a measure long enough.'

Meantime the good lady of the hutch was busy arranging some tumblers on the table, and to our great surprise and delight a huge yellow pitcher of milk soon made its appearance, and immediately after an old-fashioned iron bake-pan, with an upper crust of live embers and ashes, was lifted off the chimney trammel, and when it was opened, the fragrance of hot ginger-bread filled the apartment. Then Red-Cap bobbed away at a corner cupboard, until he extracted therefrom a small keg, or runlet of St. Croix rum of most ripe age and choice flavor, some of which, by an adroit and experienced crook of the elbow, he managed to insinuate into the milk, which, with a little brown sugar, he stirred up carefully and deliberately with a large spoon, Pieton and I watching the proceedings with intense interest. Then the punch was poured out and handed around; while the good wife made little trips from guest to guest with a huge platter filled with the brown and fragrant pieces of the cake, fresh from the bake-pan. And so the baby having subsided, (our baby of the 'Balaklava,') and the twilight having given place to a grand moon-light on the bay, and the fire sending out its beams of warmth and happiness, glittering on the utensils of the dresser, and tenderly touching with rosy light the cheeks of the small, white-headed fishermen on the margin of the patch-work quilt; while there was no lack of punch and hospitality in the yellow pitcher, who shall say if we were not as well off in the fisherman's hutch as in a grand saloon, surrounded with frescoes and flunkies, and served with thin lemonade upon trays of silver?

I do not know why it is, but there always has been something very attractive to me in the faces of children; I love to read the physiognomy of posterity, and so get a history of the future world in miniature, before the book itself is fairly printed. And insomuch as Nova-Scotia and Newfoundland are said to be the nurseries of England's seamen, it was with no little interest that I caught a glimpse of two boys, one thirteen, the other eleven years old, the eldest children of our friend Red-Cap.

They came in just as we entered the hutch, and quietly seated themselves together by the corner of the fire-place, after modestly shaking hands with all the guests. They were dressed in plain home-spun clothes, with something of a sailor rig, especially the neat check shirts, and old-fashioned, little, low-quartered, round-toed shoes, such as are always a feature in the melo-drama where Jack plays a part. It is not usual too, to see such stocky, robust frames as these fisher-boys presented; and in all three, the father and sons, was one general pervading idea of cleanliness and housewifery. And then, to come to the physiognomy again, each small face, though modest as that of no girl which I can recall at the moment, had its own tale of hardihood to tell; there was a something that recalled the open sea, written in either countenance; courage and endurance; faith and self-reliance; the compass and the rudder; speaking plainly out under each little thatch of white hair. And indeed, as we found out afterward, those young countenances told the truth; those fisher-boys were Red-Cap's only boat-crew. In all weathers, in all seasons, by night and by day, the three were to

gether upon the perilous deep. 'If I were the father of those boys,' I whispered to Red-Cap, 'I would be proud of them.'

'Would ye?' said he, with a proud, fatherly glance toward them; 'well, I thought so once myself'; it was when a schooner got ashore out there on the rocks; and we could see her, just under the lights of the light-house, pounding away; and by reason of the ice, nobody would venture; so my boys said, says they: 'Father, we can go any way.' So I would n't stop when they said that, and so we laid beside the schooner and took off all her crew pretty soon, and they mostly dead with the cold; but it was an awful bad night, what with the darkness and the ice. Yes,' he added after a pause, 'they are good boys now; but they won't be with me many years.'

'And why not?' I inquired, for I could not see that the young Red-Caps exhibited any migratory signs of their species to justify the remark.

'Because all our boys go to the States just as soon as they get old enough.'

'To the States,' I echoed with no little surprise; 'why, I thought they all entered the British Navy, or something of that kind.'

'Lord bless ye,' said Red-Cap, 'not one of them. Enter the British Navy? Why, man, you get the whole of our young people. What would they want to enter the British Navy for, when they can enter the United States of America?'

'The air of Cape Breton is certainly favorable to health,' said I in a whisper to Picton; 'look, for example, at the mistress of the hutch!' and so surely as I have a love of womanity, so surely I intended to convey a sentiment of admiration in the brief words spoken to Picton. The wife of *Bonnet Rouge* was at least not young, but her cheek was smooth, and flushed with the glow of health; her eyes liquid and bright; her hair brown, and abundant; her step light and elastic. Although neither Picton, Captain, or any body else in the hutch would remind one of the Angel Raphael, yet Mrs. Red-Cap, as

— 'With dispatchful looks, in haste  
She turned, on hospitable thoughts intent,'

was somewhat suggestive of Eve; her movements were grand and simple; there was a welcome in her face that dimpled in and out with every current topic; a Miltonic grandeur in her air, whether she walked or waited. I could not help but admire her, as I do every thing else noble and easily understood. Mrs. Red-Cap was a splendid woman: the wife of a fisherman, with an unaffected grace beyond the reach of art, in poor old Louisburgh, was something to speak of. Picton expressed his admiration in stronger and profaner language.

We were not the only guests at Red-Cap's. The Light-house keeper, a bachelor and scholar, with his sister, had come down to take a moonlight walk over the heather; for in new Scotland as in old Scotland, the bonny heather blooms, although not so much familiarized there by song and story. But we shall visit Light-house Point anon, and spend some hours with the two Kavanaghs. Forthright, into the teeth of the har-

bor, the wind is blowing : 'The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth.' How long the 'Balaklava' may stay here is yet uncertain. So with a good night to the Red-Caps, we once more bear away for the cabin of the schooner and another night's discomfort.

As I have said before in other words, this province is nothing more than a piece of patch-work, intersected with petty boundary lines, so that every nation is stitched in and quilted in spots, without any harmony, or coherence, or general design. The people of Louisburgh are a kind, hospitable, pleasant people, tolerably well informed for the inhabitants of so isolated a corner of the world ; but a few miles further off we come upon a totally different race : a canting, covenanting, oat-eating, money-gripping, tribe of second-hand Scotch Presbyterians : a transplanted, degenerate, barren patch of high cheek-bones and red hair, with nothing cleaving to them of the original stock, except covetousness and the itch. But we shall soon have enough of these Scotsmen, good reader. Our present visit is to Light-house Point, wrought into history by Sir William Pepperal, and General Wolfe ; to look out upon the broad Atlantic, the rocky coast, and the island battery, which a century since gave so much trouble to our fillibustering fathers of New-England. As we walk toward the light-house over the pebbly beach that borders the green turf, Picton suddenly starts off and begins a series of great jumps on the turf, giving with every grasshopper-leap a sort of interjectional 'Whuh ! whuh !' as though the feat was not confined to the leg-muscles only, but included also a necessary exercise of the lungs. And although we shouted at the traveller, he kept on toward the light-house, uttering with every jump, 'Heather, heather.' At last he came to beside a group of ever-greens, and grew rational. The springy, elastic sod, the heather of old Scotland, reproduced in new Scotland, had reminded him of reels and strathspeys, 'for,' said he, 'nobody can walk upon this sort of thing without feeling a desire to dance upon it. Thunder and turf ! if we only had the pipes now !'

And sure enough here was the heather ; the soft, springy turf, which has made even Scotchmen affectionate. I do not wonder at it, it answers to the foot-step like an echo, as the string of an instrument answers its concord ; as love answers love in unison. I do not wonder that Scotchmen love the heather ; I am only surprised that so much heather should be wasted on Scotchmen.

We had anticipated a fine marine view from the light-house, but in place of it we could only see a sort of semi-luminous vapor, usually called a fog, which enveloped ocean, island, and picturesque coast. We could not discover the Island Battery opposite, which had bothered Sir William in the siege of '45 ; but nevertheless, we could judge of the difficulty of reaching it with a hostile force, screened as it was by its waves and vapors. The light-house is striped with black and white bars, like a zebra, and we entered it. One cannot help but admire such order and neatness ; cleanliness is next to godliness. The light-house is a marvel of purity. We were everywhere — in the bed-rooms, in the great lantern with its glittering lamps, in the hall, the parlor, the kitchen ; and found in all the same pervading virtue ; as fresh and sweet

as a bride was the interior of that old zebra-striped light-house. The Kavanaghs, brother and sister, live here entirely alone ; what with books and music, the ocean, the ships, and the sky, they have company enough. One could not help liking them, they have such cheerful faces, and are so kind and hospitable. Good-by, good friends, and peace be with you always ! On our route schoonerward we danced back over the heather, Picton with great joy carrying a small basket filled with his national fruit—a present from the Kavanaghs. What a feast we shall have, fresh fish, lobster, and, above all — potatoes !

It is a novel sight to see the firs and spruces on this stormy sea-coast. They grow out, and not up ; an old tree spreading over an area of perhaps twenty feet in diameter, with the inevitable spike of green in its centre, and that not above a foot-and-a-half from the ground. The trees in this region are possessed of extraordinary sagacity ; they know how hard the wind blows at times, and therefore put forth their branches in full squat, just like country girls at a pic-nic.

On Sunday the wind is still ahead, and Picton and I determine to abandon the 'Balaklava.' How long she may yet remain in harbor is a matter of fate ; so with brave, resolute hearts we start off for a five-mile walk, to McGibbet's, the only owner of a horse and wagon in the vicinity of Louisburgh. Squirrels, robins, and rabbits appear and disappear in the road as we march forward. The country is wild, and in its pristine state ; nature everywhere. Now a brook, now a tiny lake, and 'the murmuring pines and the hemlocks.' At last we arrive at the house of McGibbet, and encounter new Scotland in all its original brimstone and oat-meal.

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T H E I C E .

I WALK beside the waters, but I cannot hear them roll :  
 The ice is on the rivers yet ; the ice is on my soul :  
 On the bottom of the river, where the ice gleams white above,  
 There lieth, 'mid the waters, the body of my love.

Where the deep pool, brimming over, laves the shores of my despair,  
 And the ice that bounds my spirit is the blackest in its glare,  
 On the bottom of my soul, in the dark and sluggish tide,  
 There lieth, 'mid the waters, the spirit of my bride !

So I walk beside the waters, and cannot hear them roll :  
 The ice is on the rivers yet ; the ice is on my soul :  
 But the rivers, with the coming of the summer, will be free ;  
 And the sunshine of her presence may not melt the ice for me !

*Madison, (Wis.), April 26, 1857.*

L. J. B

## L I T E R A R Y   N O T I C E S .

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THE NEW-ENGLAND HISTORY, from the Discovery of the Continent to the period when the Colonies declared their Independence, in 1776. By CHARLES W. ELLIOTT. In two Volumes. New-York: CHARLES SCRIBNER.

HISTORIES of Puritanism and of the Puritans, both of Old and of New-England, can never fail to be interesting and instructive to those who comprehend the one, and those who are descended from the other. The present volumes make their appearance at a period sufficiently remote from the time of the events described, to justify the expectation of impartiality and candor in the writer ; and with such advantage, with respect to the stock of original materials, and the labors of preceding writers, as to render practicable a satisfactory digest of particulars, and ample fullness of details. But a more difficult task cannot well be imagined, than that of doing justice to this subject. Times and opinions have changed, to the disadvantage of Puritanism. The Puritans, such as they were distinctively, and in all that induced their peculiar character, do not reappear in their successors of the present day. The descendants have largely, and in many things altogether, verged over to the side of the ancient antagonists of Puritanism. The religious faith and practice which were distinctively Puritan, are popularly, and to a lamentable extent, confounded with intolerance, persecution of heretics, hanging of witches, and other now exploded customs and opinions, which prevailed and operated long before ; which characterized the opposers far more generally than they did the abettors of Puritanism, and which, in all candor, are to be ascribed not to them, but to the age which moulded their education.

History, it is obvious, should convey to the reader the same impressions concerning the opinions, acts, and events narrated, which intelligent and candid cotemporaries entertained. The writer must put himself in their circumstances, and see things from their point of view, if his own reflections, constructions, and inferences, whether religious, philosophical, or political, are to be regarded as just and rightly instructive. To judge of the early Puritans of New-England by the same rule by which we should now judge the inhabitants of Boston, should they renew the same intolerance, would be unjust. The acts and opinions in question, which would now demonstrate that the actors



were wholly destitute of good principles, and of all moral worth, cannot be held up as demonstrating the same of the actors of the seventeenth century. A juster view of their case may be gained by considering the 'Puritans,' properly so called, who projected and founded the first settlements in New-England, as agreeing in their opinions, faith, and practice; as fleeing from persecution to the wilderness, to found communities of like faith, leaving those who differed from them to remain in England, or to found other settlements, where, within their own territory and jurisdiction, they might indulge and propagate their own peculiar views: and as carrying out their plan, and protecting their rights within their own limits, by excluding or punishing those intruders whose opinions and practices were inconsistent with their polity, their harmony, and their safety. Their case was somewhat like that of a farmer who should remove from this meridian to the wilderness of a remote western territory; and there purchase, inclose and cultivate a farm, for the support of his own family; and who, after getting his lands into cultivation, should find them encroached upon and occupied by intruders, who, rather than clear lands for themselves, chose to build on his foundation, and take advantage of his labors. He would of course deem it to be right and a duty to warn, and if necessary, to exclude them by force.

With respect to the odium so generally cast upon the New-England Puritans on account of their treatment of so peaceful and conscientious a people as the Quakers, for example: let any one read our author's chapter upon this subject, and he will, we presume, be forced to conclude, 1: that the Quakers who were persecuted, were violent, aggressive, and desperate fanatics, wholly unlike the Quakers of later times. They denounced the government, defied its authority, violated the laws, scoffed at the religion, disturbed the meetings for public worship, outraged decency — did every thing to provoke retaliation; gloried in being treated with severity, and coveted nothing so much as martyrdom. 2d: that they were punished for their overt acts, and not for their opinions, any farther than as they were associated with their acts. They were treated as men would be whose faith required, and who fearlessly practised, burglary, arson, riot, sedition, and the like. 3: that they gave no heed whatever to remonstrances or threats. When 'thrust out of the jurisdiction,' they defiantly returned. When punished, they hastened to repeat the offence. When pardoned, on condition of 'going away and promising not to return,' they refused to go. 5: that their conduct threatened to subvert the government. Several who had been banished, returned to incur the penalty of death, which was threatened in that case. Three only were hung. The mischief was finally arrested, only by an order from the King neither to hang nor to imprison any more Quakers, but to send them to England for trial. This broke the charm. To incur a penalty on those terms was no object.

How far the author has conveyed only just impressions concerning the above and kindred topics, and concerning Puritanism and the Puritans in other relations, his readers must judge for themselves. Our limits allow us only to say to them: 'Take heed that in judging others, ye condemn not yourselves.' The author's plan of arranging what belongs to particular sub-

jects, in distinct chapters, is a good one. His topics are abundantly diversified. His style is not the most perfect. His quoted details seem to us sometimes more copious than they need to be. The work, we apprehend, was written with more haste than was advisable. More meditation and labor would doubtless have superseded the necessity of enlisting the reader's interest by infusions of the author's personal feelings.

THE LIFE OF CHARLOTTE BRONTE. By MRS. GASKELL. In two Volumes: pp. 568. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY, Number 348 Broadway.

THE life, the *vicissitudes* of a life of so renowned a writer as the author of '*Jane Eyre*,' now known and read almost throughout the civilized world, might well claim an enduring record: and it has found it in the work before us. And the personal history embraced in these volumes, is very succinctly conveyed by the subjoined *resumé*, from the practised pen of one of the most efficient American critics of our time:

'STRONG in its intense individuality, bold and self-sustaining in the absence of wide and tender sympathies, and of a deeply tragic cast from purely impersonal causes, the life of CHARLOTTE BRONTE, as portrayed in these volumes by her congenial biographer, has not a little of the sombre fascination which throws such a potent spell around the pages of '*JANE EYRE*,' and '*VILLETTE*.' MRS. GASKELL, as will be seen on the perusal of the Memoirs, had before her a task of uncommon delicacy. The vein of bitterness, the pictures of hard and bare reality, the want of hopeful glimpses of the future, which mark the writings of CURRER BELL, had their foundation in her own experience, were the combined products of her character and her history. Involving the misconduct of others, as they often do, it was no easy matter to decide how far justice to the dead was compatible with mercy to the living. On this point MRS. GASKELL has acquitted herself with fidelity to the truth, with commendable frankness of statement where publicity was allowable, but with a modest reserve in regard to incidents which belong essentially to the domain of private life. Her narrative is wholly unaffected, perhaps slightly tintured with the severity that naturally grows out of the subject, but often relieved by picturesque details of the local scenery and customs in the quaint region which will henceforth be associated with the name of CHARLOTTE BRONTE. Her father was the rector of the parish church of Haworth, a remote village in Yorkshire, and inhabited by a primitive race of people of whom few specimens have been left by the progress of improvement in England.' . . . 'MR. BRONTE was a native of Ireland, but received his education at Cambridge, and in subsequent life kept up little intercourse with his birth-place or his Irish connections. He is still living, at the advanced age of eighty, a stricken and solitary old man, having survived every member of his large family, but retaining the force of intellect and of will for which he was always remarkable. CHARLOTTE, who was the third daughter, was born in 1816. Her two sisters, EMILY and ANNE, who afterward became known as ELLIS and ACTON BELL, in the literary trio of which CHARLOTTE was CURRER BELL, were but a few years younger than herself. The three sisters, though exhibiting strong characteristic differences, had many points in common, were devotedly attached to each other, and formed an inseparable companionship until the remarkable circle was broken by death. The two elder sisters, who evinced a wonderful precocity of intellect, both died at an early age. An only brother, named PATRICK BRANWELL, was a boy of excellent promise, but proved to be a source of poignant grief to the whole family.

'The income of the father was on a limited scale, and CHARLOTTE, as the eldest.

daughter, felt it to be her duty to aid in the support of the family by her own exertions. BRANWELL, her brother, at the age of eighteen, had adopted no regular pursuit. With great mental endowments, with even more genius, perhaps, than either of his sisters, and with a special talent for art, his moral conduct was so unworthy, that not even the partiality of his sisters could be blinded to his faults. 'Popular admiration' was sweet to him. And this led to his presence being sought at 'arvills' and all the great village gatherings, for the Yorkshiremen have a keen relish for intellect; and it likewise procured him the undesirable distinction of having his company recommended by the landlord of the Black Bull to 'any chance traveller who might happen to feel solitary or dull over his liquor. 'Do you want some one to help you with your bottle, Sir? If you do, I'll send up for PATRICK,' (so the villagers called him till the day of his death.) And while the messenger went, the landlord entertained his guests with accounts of the wonderful talents of the boy, whose precocious cleverness and great conversational powers were the pride of the village.

'At the age of nineteen, accordingly, CHARLOTTE became a teacher in a female school in the vicinity where she had previously been a pupil. She remained in this situation for about two years, when she returned to the family circle of the parsonage, with her mind absorbed in the wish to enter upon a career of authorship. Ignorant of the world, destitute of practical resource, she found great difficulties in making the commencement. In her uncertainty as to the proper course of action, and of her own fitness for literary pursuits, she ventured on the experiment of writing to WORDSWORTH, COLERIDGE, and SOUTHEY, with a request for advice. SOUTHEY alone replied to her letter, and after some delay sent her a few words of wise and friendly counsel, which she took earnestly to heart. In the spring of 1839, she formed an engagement as governess in a rich Yorkshire family. The situation was in the highest degree repulsive. She suffered all the indignities which can be inflicted on a sensitive mind by the pretensions of wealthy vulgarity, and before the close of the summer, returned to her father's house.

'With a view to improving her qualifications as a teacher, Miss BRONTË had an earnest desire to attend a school in France or Belgium, where she could perfect herself in the French language, and gain numerous other advantages at a much less expense than at a similar institution in England. After several attempts she succeeded in making arrangements for the accomplishment of her plan. She decided on a celebrated *pensionnat* at Brussels, which, together with her sister EMILY, she entered in 1842. 'The two sisters clung together, and kept apart from the herd of happy, boisterous, well-befriended Belgian girls, who, in their turn, thought the new English pupils wild and scared-looking, with strange, odd, insular ideas about dress; for EMILY had taken a fancy to the fashion, ugly and preposterous even during its reign, of gigot sleeves, and persisted in wearing them long after they were 'gone out.' Her petticoats, too, had not a curve or a wave in them, but hung down straight and long, clinging to her lank figure. The sisters spoke to no one but from necessity. They were too full of earnest thought, and of the exile's sick yearning, to be ready for careless conversation, or merry game.'

'After remaining in Brussels nearly two years, she returned to Haworth, with very imperfect health, and no fixed plans for future employment. Her purpose of opening a school was not carried into effect. In the autumn of 1845, Miss BRONTË accidentally discovered a manuscript volume of verse in the handwriting of her sister EMILY. She was at once struck with the conviction that the poems were no common effusions, 'nor at all like the poetry women generally write;' and after some difficulty, persuaded her sister that they were worthy of publication. During the discussion, her younger sister ANNE produced some of her own compositions, which also appeared to possess 'a sweet sincere pathos of their own.' They had early cherished the dream of one day becoming authors, and it now seemed that the time had come. They agreed to arrange a small selection of their poems, and, if possible, get them printed under the assumed names which have since become so famous in modern literature. The ambiguous choice was dictated by a sort of conscientious scruple at assuming positively masculine Christian

names, while they did not like to be known as women, on account of a vague impression that authoresses are liable to be looked on with prejudice — that ‘critics sometimes use for their chastisement the weapon of personality, and for their reward a flattery, which is not true praise.’ After several ineffectual applications to publishers, they at last succeeded in making a suitable arrangement, and the little volume saw the light in the spring of 1846. It excited little commotion, and the ‘mighty murmuring public did not discover that three more voices were uttering their speech.’

To heighten the gloom of this great literary disappointment, Miss BRONTE’s father became totally blind; and when he officiated, was led to his pulpit; where, with his sightless orbs turned toward his loving congregation, he directed *their* eyes to the ‘true light,’ which proceedeth from the throne of the Heavenly FATHER. At this period, too, her sister EMILY, a shrinking, sensitive child of genius, departed this life, previous to which, her erratic, yet loved and affectionate brother, had passed away. ‘*Jane Eyre*’ obtained, and not without difficulty, a publisher. It was, with one or two honorable exceptions, coldly received by professed critics; but it rapidly rose to deserved renown. Of the years remaining to Miss BRONTE, her marriage, and her death, we shall permit the volumes themselves to speak to our readers.

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A SPECIMEN-BOOK OF THE LETTERPRESS, STEREOTYPE, ELECTROTYPE, AND WOOD-CUT PRINTING-ESTABLISHMENT OF JOHN F. TROW, South-west corner of Broadway and White-street, New-York.

WE have seen several specimen-books similar to this, English, Scottish, and American, but never one that was its superior. Mr. Trow need not have informed us that he ‘entertained a *pride* in the art to which he has been so long devoted;’ this most exquisitely-executed work sufficiently proves the fact. We have long known that no printing-office in America could compare with Mr. Trow’s in *completeness*, especially in the department of Oriental and Occidental Languages. Here we have before us, in the clearest and most beautiful ‘cut,’ (including what we believe cannot be found in any other printing-office in the United States, the *Anglo-Saxon*, as it was used in the days of CAXTON,) types of the following character: Rabbinic; Samaritan, Ethiopic, Coptic, Syriac, Arabic; eight sizes of very beautiful Hebrew characters; six sizes of Greek, equally handsome, embracing *Porsonian* Greek of four sizes; Phonotype, etc. The supply and assortment are as complete and various as they are unusual in any one office. The specimens of English type, of modern and ancient pattern, are equally extensive, and in like admirable taste of design. The specimens of ornamental cards, circulars, letter-press and wood-cut printing in colors, delicate-colored borders, etc., and no whit behind any other portions of the volume. Aside from being an *advertisement* of the very best description, the work will really be found an ornament to any gentleman’s library. Nor should we omit to speak of its usefulness to a reader uninformed as to printing. Beside much valuable advice in reference to ‘copy,’ punctuation, and the like, there is given a specimen proof-sheet, with explanations, by which any person

writing for the press may 'correct the errors of his ways,' and the printer will at once understand. We might mention the table for computing paper for books, the abundant store of zodiacal, algebraical, planetary, mathematical, and other signs, with accents, reference-figures, and so forth : but on the whole we believe we will let them pass.

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ANNUAL REPORT OF THE STATE ENGINEER AND SURVEYOR, of the State of New-York, for the Year 1856. Transmitted to the Legislature January 15, 1857. In one Volume : pp. 221. Albany : C. VAN BENTHUYSEN, Printer to the Legislature.

AFTER all, whatever may be said in relation to the 'dry detail' of obstinate facts ; to matter-of-fact records of improvements in the course of public works ; (the very inception of which shook the State, and almost the country, to its centre, and the *triumph* of which was the admiration of the Republic ;) there is much, we had well-nigh said, of *romance* in the minutiae of a State report, like that before us. The duties of STATE ENGINEER have seldom been more ably discharged than by the present incumbent of that most onerous and responsible office, Mr. SILAS SEYMOUR. Bringing to the task assigned to him by the people a thorough and practical knowledge of all that he might be called upon to perform, he entered upon the execution of his trust ; and we think the document under notice, (Number 60 of the Assembly, for the present year,) in the clearness and simplicity of its statements, the brevity, yet completeness of its merely clerical records, and in the prospective inferences and present suggestions of the writer, will be found to sustain the judgment of those who placed him in his high and responsible position. The three divisions of the canals of the State, which, for convenience of construction and supervision, were designated as 'Eastern,' 'Middle,' and 'Western,' are here separately considered. The 'Engineering Departments,' embracing each division, and subdivision, with costs of enlargement, and estimated costs for future enlargements, are 'first in order' ; next, the present condition and estimated cost of works authorized and provided for by constitutional amendment : third, deficiency in means provided by the Constitution for completing the works therein authorized : fourth, the 'Management of the Canals' : fifth, 'sixth and lastly,' the 'Land Department.' Now, we have only to say to any true New-Yorker, of whatever politics, or shade of politics, or if he hasn't '*nary* politic,' as the 'funny man' says in the play, *read* this Report, not as a dry record of statistical or other 'facts,' but as indicating what our canals *are* and are *to be*, and say whether there be not somewhat of romance in actual reality. Mr. GRADGRIND was right : '*We want facts.*' The style of the Report, in a literary point of view, we may add, is wholly unexceptionable. We agree with the London '*Times*,' speaking of the new House of Commons : 'It does not depend chiefly on that sort of talent which a man brings from public meetings, from debating societies, from book writing, or from any other special use of the mental or oratorical powers. It is a peculiar sphere, and has special requirements of its own.'



THE RELATION OF PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS TO MORALITY, especially of THE THEATRE, to the Highest Interests of Humanity: An Address delivered at the Academy of Music, New-York, before 'The AMERICAN DRAMATIC FUND SOCIETY,' for the Benefit of the Fund. By REV. HENRY W. BELLOWES, D.D., Pastor of All Souls' Church, New-York: pp. 53. New-York: C. S. FRANCIS AND COMPANY, Number 554 Broadway.

PRELIMINARY remarks, at the anniversary meeting of the American Dramatic Fund Association, held recently at the Astor-House, had led us to anticipate the nature and scope of the Address before us, which the author then and there modestly heralded. It seems to us to require little comment. It recommends itself to all readers, by the simplicity of its positions, its humane suggestions, and the irrefragable arguments which it assumes, sets forth, and enforces. Nor can we conceive of any one, really aware of the natural impulses within him, as seriously objecting to the views here presented. Mantled with a supercilious hypocrisy, 'some man may say,' the writer caters to vice: to neglect of 'great truths:' to the sacrifice of moral obligations: to the abandonment of important personal duties: to the abnegation of self-denial, and the like. Let such persons *say* all this, and then let such as *hear* them say it, (for *they* won't read what they 'are bound' to condemn,) take up the 'Address' under notice, and read, among other and kindred passages, the following:

'THE time of the drama may be a thousand years back, the place five thousand miles off; but the costumes and scenery, with learned artistic care, reproduce what history and art have taught them, and we behold what a little exercise of the imagination makes the very action, the persons, country, town and castle the dramatist has summoned us to see! Can we wonder that an imitation of life itself, in its rarest, most passionate and heart-moving moments and experiences—where the alchemy of genius and art, fuses into a few hours the whole conduct and course of a splendid human career—a deep domestic calamity, ambition's bloody road to a throne, love's great sacrifice, jealousy's torturing fears, avarice's pinching and grasping way—HAMLET's thought-palsied melancholy, LEAR's frenzied paternal grief, JULIET's innocent passion, MACBETH's remorse—that a pleasure so rich, costly, variously and curiously compounded as this, based upon the deepest, most numerous sensibilities of our nature, should prove universally and permanently attractive? The drama condenses what is most intensely interesting or affecting in real life, or what from the constitution of our nature genius knows might be real life, into a compact, rounded, and finished story; omitting what is common-place, irrelevant, or simply painful, and by careful adherence to the great rule of art, which never forgets that its end is pleasure, extracting from crime, or vice, or passion, whatever in their actual occurrence it would shock us to behold, leaves what moves our passions and affections with pleasing though tearful sensibility. The stage takes this drama, and by a living sculpture, clothes this wondrous work of literary genius with flesh and blood, substitutes for paper and print, men and women, voices for words, for the dull pictures of the imagination, actual scenery, for descriptions of costume, elaborate dresses, nay, it invokes gifted men and yet more gifted women to take these places, and with boundless study, consideration, expense, builds the temple, collects the properties, and arranges the scene which is to convert the written into the acted drama! and is it possible to conceive that human ingenuity can ever invent any other amusement which can equal, much less exceed, this deeply-founded, slowly-wrought, and most costly contrivance for the public delight and recreation of human beings? Supposing it to be innocent, I perceive no element wanting to render it theoretically a perfect pleasure. It appeals to the intellect, the imagination, the heart, the senses. It has the charm of poetry and music. It unites the interest of a story with the fascination of a spectacle. It calls by turns on our emotional and on our critical faculties; now inviting us to yield to the illusion, now, to admire the skill which deludes us; it adds to the sympathy we feel for the persons represented, that we feel with those who represent them; that we feel for the genius which made them representable; and SHAKESPEARE, HAMLET, and GARRICK, all pull at our heart-strings in one delicious moment of admiration and sympathy. Poetry, invention, story, mimetic talent, elocution, personation, spectacle, beauty, passion, architecture, painting,



music, society, light, all combine in the theatre to make it the most brilliant, complete, and uniring of public amusements.'

Mr. BELLOWS does not at all assume that the charm or attractiveness of the stage depends first and mainly upon its moral teaching, or its moral influence: although he sees and admits how much of *these* are embodied in the great plays of SHAKESPEARE, and other dramatic benefactors of the world. 'The use of the theatre,' he says, 'is, that it gives so much pleasure, which is a positive and large addition to the general sum of human happiness; and that in giving this pleasure, it satisfies an immense need of recreation, and, quite independently of any direct influence on the moral interests of society, builds up, and supports, and cheers the life and soul of man. I dare not make light of pleasure. God has taken too benevolent an interest in producing it, and there is too much pain and drudgery, and necessary care to be offset by it, to allow me to think it a small thing, that any considerable mass of human beings are pleased. I will not demand of amusement that it shall directly instruct, warn, elevate, or improve.' Scan well also *this* passage:

'It is alleged — and that is the professed sentiment of the serious class — that practically the drama has been a corrupt and corrupting kind of literature, putting into licentious and depraving verse and story, the worst and most seductive experiences of humanity; that it has pandered to vile and vulgar tastes, dramatists having often, or usually, been loose and unprincipled characters, and their readers the more gay and careless portion of society. Doubtless there is truth, and there is also exaggeration in this statement. The great dramatists, whether ancient or modern, SOPHOCLES, EURIPIDES, or ARISTOPHANES, CALDERON, LOPE DE VEGA, CORNEILLE, RACINE, SHAKESPEARE, are, with the exception of the coarseness which belonged to their respective ages, not open to such charges, although the minor lights unquestionably deserve severe chastisement. But there is nothing peculiar in the abuse of dramatic literature. We do not abandon and discountenance poetry, because ROCHESTER wrote immoral verses, and MOORE and BYRON, poems which nobody should read. We do not give up RICHARDSON, and SCOTT, and DICKENS, and THACKERAY, because FIELDING and SMOLLET, EUGENE SUE and DUMAS, have often abused their great powers. The best things are most open to abuse; and dramatic literature, you will confess, has not been oftener or worse perverted and depraved than religious literature. Indeed the Church seized on the drama, when she was most busy in manipulating the human mind into superstition, and perpetrated greater blasphemies and obscenities in the so-called 'Mysteries,' written and acted in the middle ages, than the dramatic writers of England or France have ever foisted into their most abominable plays. The drama is a kind of literature whose permanency is guaranteed by the constitution of man. Beginning with the very origin of literature, and continuing thus far on its history with every promise of ending only with its life — we must expect it to reflect and share the fortunes of humanity, and to find itself, now in the hands of ennobled, and now of desecrated genius; here the instrument of the unscrupulous, there the vehicle of truth, honor, and inspiration. But how many dissolute and depraving dramatists and dramas, would not the judicious and the conscientious consent to bear with, and guard against, sooner than lose SHAKESPEARE alone out of the world? The mischievous jack-o'-lanterns, and false lights of land and sea may shine on forever, if we can only extinguish them by blowing out the stars and quenching the sun. We cannot obliterate WASHINGTON, to wipe ARNOLD out of American history, though treachery hung by his skirts alone to the fortunes of the race. We must let the tares grow to the harvest for the sake of the wheat. The drama stands in its own right, and in the right of its great priests, the wonderful interpreters of humanity, and great recreators of the race; and all the apostates and criminals who have desecrated its pure and beautiful shrine, cannot make its nature otherwise than lawful and honorable, and entitled to the protection of universal reason and justice. It is indeed deplorable, that the written drama should have ever thrown its fascination around vice and crime, as it is always terrible when genius and wit, when art and skill, enter the service of the devil. Most sad it is that pleasure should ever be associated with folly, or amusement extracted from sin. But literature is not responsible for the abuses to which levity and immorality turn any of its powers; and it is not the drama, but the public and the dramatic authors who are to be censured for the production and encouragement of lax, immoral, and corrupting plays.'

We have spoken of argument irrefragable. What may be considered the following? To our poor conception, it can be reasonably and satisfactorily answered, save in only one way:

‘I HAVE a profound though a cautious respect for general impressions, and particularly for the instincts of the religious community, and from all I have read, or learned by direct observation or special inquiry, I believe that the ordinary verdict of serious minds, and of the pulpit, respecting the theatre, has many painful elements of truth in it. But I believe equally that it exhibits much extravagance, confusion, and illogical reasoning. More particularly, I complain that this verdict leaves entirely out of view the uses of the theatre, considering only its abuses; that it takes no pains to recognize what is good, in its eagerness to point out what is evil — or to discriminate between what is essential and what is accidental in this institution; that it confounds the evils around, with the evils within the theatre, and, to come directly to the point, fails to inquire and explain why, and by whose fault, and in accordance with what law, it is, that the immorality and recklessness of society, its folly and vice, have clustered about the theatre. I do not deny the fact; but I deny the totally condemnatory inferences drawn from the fact. For in truth, the Theatre is the very place where, for no fault inherent in itself, the preëxisting follies and vices of society will necessarily become apparent. We do not expect to find the follies and vices of society, the levity and ease of a community, gathering round schools and colleges, work-shops and churches, scenes of labor and care, any more than we expect to find flies settling upon rhubarb and aloes, and not on molasses and honey. But it would be quite as reasonable to give up sugar because vermin are fond of it, as to give up pleasure, because fools and knaves, the light and the wicked, make it their chief food. Because Folly spends his whole time in laughter, Sobriety does not propose to disuse the risible muscles; because Drunkenness ruins thousands, and Gluttony tens of thousands, virtuous society does not expect to give up eating and drinking.’

Our lack of space, in this closing number of the Forty-ninth Volume of the *KNICKERBOCKER*, brings the present notice to a speedier close than we could have desired. We wish to record, howbeit, the remark with which Mr. BELLINGS closed his discourse — the perfect conscientiousness of which no one who knows the speaker will doubt — and present one more brief extract: ‘In the very depths of my conscience, I have been impelled to this effort. It has been honestly made, and in view of a judgment to come.’ And now to our last extract:

‘WHATEVER the effect of the theatre is, or has been, having nothing essentially wrong in its principle, and having proved itself to be, in fact, what in theory it has already shown itself to be, the most attractive and permanent of amusements, a fixed and indestructible fact, it seems to me, that avowed moralists and Christian leaders and guides have committed a grave and hurtful error in their mode of dealing with it. They have made the drama and the stage answerable for all the vices and follies which have gathered round them — a course as unjust as to make the market responsible for the dogs and rats, the thieves and knaves, sure to find a harvest in that most frequented and necessary place.

‘I know it will be replied, that patience with evils connected with what is necessary, does not justify patience with evils associated with what is not necessary; that because commerce makes a dangerous life for sailors, we are not to place the dangerous life for actors, which the theatre produces, upon the same plea of a great social necessity; that the vices and follies of trade, of religion, of domestic life, all of which are cardinal and necessary and natural interests of humanity, do not stand at all upon the same ground of absolute discountenance which the vices and follies of an artificial, unproductive, and unnecessary amusement occupy. But there are various forms of necessity, and I am not sure that the necessity of being amused is not as fixed and fatal a necessity as that of being fed and warmed. It is not necessary in the same sense, and yet it may be equally a necessity. We do not commonly place leisure, laughter, love, among the necessities of life, alongside of bread and water, fire and shelter. Yet in a broad view of social interests and human requirements, they would be found to rank with them, not in the same class, but under the same name of actual necessities of a true, healthful, and vigorous social life. That may well be said to be necessary, which, age after age, and in precise proportion to the influence of civilization and even of Christianity, is found supported and sustained in the very face of the Church, and under the formal ban of religious society. That the theatre has survived the usage it has received from the pulpit and the moralist, exhibits at least its wonderful vitality; and when we per-

ceive that general censure and discouragement have not the slightest effect either in putting it down, or in improving it, why do we not begin to inquire what might be done by treating it with candor and sympathy, to save its uses, and correct its abuses; to turn its fascinations to the account of human happiness, and detach it from the artificial associations which are the real objects of our suspicion and dislike?'

Well might the eloquent speaker add, that when it was considered that eight theatres were constantly frequented, though in very different degrees, by all classes of the community, except a portion of those technically styled professors of religion; that the tastes, morals, manners, happiness of hundreds of thousands of people were affected by them for good or evil, to a degree which almost rendered the theatre a rival of the Church, the vastness of this metropolitan interest was too serious an element in our whole civic character and human prospects, to be ignored. No: divest the Theatre of its abuses: honor those who honor the drama: and who elevate and ennoble it; (how many true gentlemen and true ladies arise to mind as our pen drops this thought!) and it may be made an adjunct of good in all the great lessons of life.

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SERMONS OF THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON, of LONDON. Second Series. In One Volume: pp. 441. New-York: SHELDON, BLAKEMAN AND COMPANY. Boston: GOULD AND LINCOLN.

THIS eloquent young divine, of the 'Old School' of 'close-preaching,' it would appear, from the preface to the volume before us, is the author of another, which was published, or re-published in this country, and had reached here, some six months ago, a circulation of over fifteen thousand copies: a circumstance upon which the reverend author naturally and very justly felicitates himself. This first volume we have not as yet seen: but in spirit and manner, we may assume, the one before us is 'like unto it: ' for, says the writer of both: 'The same doctrines which we taught last year are repeated in these sermons. We have met with nothing which has shaken our faith in the 'good old paths.' Our own ministry is a testimony that no new theology is needed to stir the masses, and to save souls: we defy all the negative theologians in England to give such proof of their ministry as we can. If we must be 'fools in glorying,' we do. We *must* boast that the old doctrines are victorious, and that the Lord, the SPIRIT, has most signally honored them. We do not cite the overwhelming and ever-increasing multitudes who listen to us, as proof in this matter; but we do and will glory in the power of the Gospel, that it has brought so many to the arms of CHRIST.' This is evidently intended to be an apposite paraphrase of PAUL's 'foolishness' 'in glorying: ' but what was *his* 'glorying?' Not that he was a 'popular preacher; ' not that twenty thousand at a time had attended his ministrations; not that he was 'the rage,' over all his brethren. He gloried in his '*infirmities* : ' in his *sufferings* for the great cause in which he was engaged: in the '*stripes* above measure' which he received, for preaching CHRIST and HIM crucified: in the '*perils*' which he encountered in the sea, in the wilderness, and among false brethren: 'in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in cold and nakedness.' *Here*

surely was cause for 'glorying,' more true to the word and to the spirit, than that which we have quoted. But all this is apart.

Mr. SPURGEON, as we have ascertained from friends who have heard him in London, is a most remarkable speaker. His face, as presented by the portrait in this volume, is an earnest, expressive one: the forehead and eyes calm and self-possessed: the lower part *sensuous*, without being in the slightest degree sensual. He is very young; not over twenty-five or six, we believe, at this time. What has given him his wonderful command over his audiences, is his *earnestness*, his *tenderness*, and the *winning tones of his voice*. His gestures are few and not violent: he has, moreover, the BIBLE at his tongue's end: and who, with appositeness, and readiness, and taste in quotation from that richest treasure-house of illustration, can ever fail of enforcing divine truths upon his hearers? But Mr. SPURGEON is very far from being *uniform* in his peculiar excellencies. Examples of the worst possible taste, mal-apropos illustrations, and feeble images, are to be encountered in his book, which we are sure a careful revision would have caused him to discard and expunge. But proceed we to a few illustrative passages. Our first extract is from '*The Glorious Habitation*,' a sermon from the text, 'LORD, THOU hast been our dwelling-place in all generations.' It closes as follows:

'Poor houseless soul, dost thou want a house? I have a house to let this morning for every sinner who feels his misery. Do you want a house for your soul? Then I will condescend to men of low estate, and tell you in homely language, that I have a house to let. Do you ask me what is the purchase? I will tell you: it is something less than proud human nature will like to give. It is without money and without price. Ah! you would like to pay some rent, would n't you? You would love to do something to win CHRIST. You cannot have the house then: it is 'without money and without price.' I have told you enough of the house itself, and therefore I will not describe its excellences. But I will tell you one thing — that if you feel that you are a houseless soul this morning, you may have the key to-morrow; and if you feel yourself to be a houseless soul to-day, you may enter it now. If you had a house of your own I would not offer it to you; but since you have no other, here it is. Will you take my MASTER's house on a lease for all eternity, with nothing to pay for it, nothing but the ground-rent of loving and serving HIM forever? Will you take Jesus, and dwell in HIM throughout eternity? or will you be content to be a houseless soul? Come inside, Sir; see, it is furnished from top to bottom with all you want. It has cellars filled with gold, more than you will spend as long as you live; it hath a parlor where you can entertain yourself with CHRIST, and feast on His love; it has tables well stored with food for you to live on forever; it hath a drawing-room of brotherly love, where you can receive your friends. You will find a resting-room up there, where you can rest with Jesus; and on the top there is a look-out, whence you can see heaven itself. Will you have the house, or will you not? Ah! if you are houseless, you will say: 'I should like to have the house; but may I have it?' Yes; there is the key. The key is, 'Come to Jesus.' But, you say: 'I am too shabby for such a house.' Never mind; there are garments inside. . . . If you feel guilty and condemned, come, and though the house is too good for you, CHRIST will make you good enough for the house by-and-by. He will wash you, and cleanse you, and you will yet be able to sing with Moses, with the same unflinching voice: 'LORD, THOU hast been my dwelling-place throughout all generations.'

'*The Peculiar Sleep of the Beloved*,' from the sentence in DAVID'S Psalms, 'For so HE giveth His Beloved Sleep,' although perhaps somewhat over-labored, is, to our conception, one of the best sermons in the book. We annex a single passage. After asking his hearers if they have 'slept the sleep of contentment,' allowed only to those whose consciences are void of offence toward God and toward man, he proceeds:

'Ah! no. You, who are apprentices, are sighing till you shall be journeymen:

you who are journeymen, are groaning to be masters; masters are longing till they shall retire from business, and when they have retired, they are longing that all their children shall be settled in life. Man always looks for a yet-beyond: he is a mariner who never gets to port; an arrow which never reaches the target. Ah! the Christian hath sleep. One night I could not rest, and in the wild wanderings of my thoughts I met this text and communed with it: 'So He giveth his beloved sleep.' In my reverie, as I was on the border of the land of dreams, methought I was in a castle. Around its massive walls there ran a deep moat. Watchmen paced the walls both day and night. It was a fine old fortress, bidding defiance to the foe; but I was not happy in it. I thought I lay upon a couch; but scarcely had I closed my eyes, ere a trumpet blew, 'To arms! To arms!' and when the danger was over-past I laid me down again. 'To arms! To arms!' once more resounded, and again I started up. Never could I rest. I thought I had my armor on, and moved about perpetually clad in mail, rushing each hour to the castle-top, aroused by some fresh alarm. At one time a foe was coming from the west, at another, from the east. I thought I had a treasure somewhere down in some deep part of the castle, and all my care was to guard it. I dreaded, I feared, I trembled lest it should be taken from me. I awoke, and I thought I would not live in such a tower as that for all its grandeur. It was the castle of discontent, the castle of ambition, in which man never rests. It is ever, 'To arms! To arms! To arms!' There is a foe here, or a foe there. His dear-loved treasure must be guarded. Sleep never crossed the drawbridge of the castle of discontent. Then I thought I would supplement it by another reverie. I was in a cottage. It was in what poets call a beautiful and pleasant place, but I cared not for that. I had no treasure in the world, save one sparkling jewel on my breast; and I thought I put my hand on that and went to sleep, nor did I wake till morning light. That treasure was a quiet conscience and the love of God — 'the peace that passeth all understanding.' I slept, because I slept in the house of content, satisfied with what I had. Go ye, over-reaching misers! Go ye, grasping, ambitious men! I envy not your life of iniquitude. The sleep of statesmen is often broken; the dream of the miser is always evil; the sleep of the man who loves gain is never hearty; but God 'giveth,' by contentment, 'His beloved sleep.'

'Once more; God giveth his beloved the *sleep of quietness* of soul as to the future. Oh! that dark future! that future! that future! The present may be well; but ah! the next wind may wither all the flowers, and where shall I be? Clutch thy gold, miser; for riches 'make to themselves wings and flee away.' Hug that babe to thy breast, mother, for the rough hand of death may rob thee of it. Look at thy fame, and wonder at it, O thou man of ambition! But one slight report shall wound thee to the heart, and thou shalt sink as low as ever thou hast been lifted high by the voices of the multitude.'

Frequent references to, and brief quotations from, 'good old JOHN BUNYAN' are made in 'several of these discourses:' and the foregoing will serve to show that the writer has not been an indifferent copyist of the finely figurative style of the 'inspired Tinker.' But

FEI! MR. SPURGEON,  
Why dart like a sturgeon,

from out your element in the sacred desk, to grab at the bait of some miserable backbiter? Why introduce into a sermon so full of touching thoughts and tender admonitions, such bravado as this: 'I have been made the butt of slander — a mark for laughter and scorn; but it has not broken my spirit: 'So He giveth his Beloved sleep.' I beg to inform all those who speak ill of me that they are welcome to do so until they are tired of it. My motto is, '*Cedo nulli*.' I yield to none. I have not courted any man's applause: I ask no man to attend my ministry: I preach *what* I like, *when* I like, and *as* I like.' In the midst of a discourse like the one we are considering, this is simply vain-glorious 'twaddle and bosh.' And yet, very soon after it comes this very fervent conclusion: 'I have done. Now, let me beseech you, by the frailty of your own lives; by the shortness of time; by the dreadful realities of eternity; by the sins you have committed; by the pardon that you need; by the blood and wounds of JESUS; by His second coming to judge the world in righteousness; by the glories of hea-



ven; by the awful horrors of hell; by time; by eternity; by all that is good; by all that is sacred; let me beg of you, as you love your own souls, to search and see whether you are among the Beloved, to whom He giveth sleep.' In a sermon upon the doctrine of '*Election*,' (concerning which there are, in the religious world, 'several opinions, if not more,') we find the ensuing eloquent passage:

'THIRDLY: this election is *eternal*. 'God hath from the beginning chosen you unto eternal life.' Can any man tell me when the beginning was? Years ago, we thought the beginning of this world was when ADAM came upon it; but we have discovered that thousands of years before that, God was preparing chaotic matter to make it a fit abode for man; putting races of creatures upon it, who might die and leave behind the marks of His handiwork and marvellous skill, before he tried His hand on man. But that was not the beginning; for revelation points us to a period long ere this world was fashioned — to the days when the morning stars were begotten; when, like drops of dew from the fingers of the morning, stars and constellations fell trickling from the hand of God; when, by His own lips, He launched forth ponderous orbs; when, with His own hand, He sent comets, like thunderbolts, wandering through the sky, to find one day their proper sphere. We go back to years gone by, when worlds were made and systems fashioned; but we have not even approached the beginning yet. Until we go to the time when all the universe slept in the mind of God, as yet unborn, until we enter the eternity where God, the CREATOR, lived alone, every thing sleeping within Him, all creation resting in his mighty gigantic thought, we have not guessed the beginning. We may go back, back, back, ages upon ages. We may go back, if we might use such strange words, whole eternities, and yet never arrive at the beginning. Our wing might be tired, our imagination would die away. Could it outstrip the lightning's flashing in majesty, power, and rapidity, it would soon weary itself ere it could get to the beginning. But God from the beginning chose His people; when the un navigated ether was yet unfanned by the wing of a single angel, when space was shoreless, or else unborn, when universal silence reigned, and not a voice or whisper shocked the solemnity of silence, when there was no being, and no motion, no time, and naught but God HIMSELF, alone in his eternity; when without the song of an angel, without the attendance of even the cherubim; long ere the living creatures were born, or the wheels of the chariot of JEHOVAH were fashioned; even then, 'in the beginning was the Word,' and in the beginning God's people were one with the Word, and 'in the beginning He chose them unto eternal life.' Our election, then, is eternal. I will not stop to prove it.'

And yet some men will say, 'How can this be so? If I am 'elected' from all eternity to all eternity, in what sense am I a free agent, and responsible for the verdict of 'fiery indignation' which shall at last be visited upon me? What interminable discussions of this momentous question were we wont to hear in our younger days! Yet no one yielded — no one was 'convinced against his will' — as very few controversialists *are*, by the way. In this discourse, eloquent as it is, in parts, we remark instances of bad taste, we had almost said irreverence: for it *is* irreverence, all disclaimers aside, to speak of the ALMIGHTY as 'disgracing himself,' if he were to 'allow such a thing' as is assumed by the preacher. It is to 'place God in a dilemma.' One sermon in this collection is from the text, '*It is better to go to the House of Mourning than to the House of Feasting*;' and one corollary from it is the following:

'Most of the awful catastrophes that have ever happened in this world, have happened to men when they have been in 'the house of feasting.' It is a fact that I shall prove in a moment or two, that the most terrible calamities that have ever come upon man or on the world, have happened in the house of mirth. Where was the world when NOAH entered into the ark? Where was it when God rent the clouds and opened the windows of heaven, and sent down cataracts from the skies? Is it not written, 'They were eating and drinking, they were marrying and given in marriage?' Where were ISRAEL when the plague came and smote them, so that their carcases fell in the wilderness? Is it not written: 'While the bread was in their mouths, the wrath of



God smote them?' Where were Job's sons, when the four winds came from the wilderness and smote the four corners of the house? They were eating, and drinking wine in their elder brother's house. Where was SAMSON when he lost his strength? He was in the house of sinful pleasure, and he lay asleep on DELILAH's lap. Where was JEROBOAM when his hand was withered? He was offering a sacrifice before his god, unto which he had made a feast. What did NABAL when his heart was turned like a stone within him, and he died? Inspiration, says he had been feasting, and his heart was merry with wine at his sheep-shearing. Who slew AMNON? Did not ABSALOM slay him at a feast? Turn to the melancholy catastrophes that you find recorded in holy writ, and almost every one of them happened at a feast. So, throughout the whole history of nations, I might tell you instance after instance, where a feast has been a real funeral; for the most terrible calamity has followed. There is, however, one instance which I must not pass by without mentioning more at large than those I have briefly hinted at. There was a feast once, such I think scarcely ever was seen. Ten thousand lamps lit up the gorgeous palace; the king sat on his lofty throne; and around him were his wives and concubines. They ate, they drank, the bowls were filled to the brim, and merrily the hours danced on. Loud was the bacchanalian shout, and loud the song. They drank deep; they drank curses to the God of JACOB; they took the sacred wine-cup, and they poured in their unhallowed liquor; they drank them down, and drank again, and the merry shout rang through the hall; the viol and harp were there, and music sounded. List! list! list! it is the last feast that BABEL shall ever see. Even now the enemies are at her gates. They come! They come! O BELSHAZZAR! read that writing there: 'Thou art weighed in the balance, and art found wanting.' O BELSHAZZAR! stay thy feasting, see the shaft of God! Lo, the death-shaft; it is whizzing in the air, it has pierced his heart; he falls, he falls, and with him BABEL falls! That feast was a feast of death. 'Better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of such feasting' as that.'

And here must close our quotations; although our copy of the book is dog's-eared from the title-page to the end. Single sentences often arrest the eye, and remain fixed in the mind; such as: 'My friends, did you ever walk the centuries, and mark the rise and fall of the various Empires of Unbelief?' Take also this picture of DEATH, from the discourse entitled *Harvest Time*:

'O THAT great Reaper! he sweeps through the earth, and mows his hundreds and thousands down. It is all still; DEATH makes no noise about his movements, and he treads with velvet footfall over the earth—that ceaseless mower, none can resist him. He is irresistible, and he mows, and mows, and cuts them down. Sometimes he stops and whets his scythe; he dips his scythe in blood, and then he mows us down with war: then he takes his whetstone of cholera, and mows down more than ever. Still he cries, More! more! more! Ceaseless that work keeps on. Wondrous mower! Wondrous reaper! Oh! when thou comest to reap me, I cannot resist thee; for I must fall like others: when thou comest, I shall have nothing to say to thee. Like a blade of corn, I must stand motionless, and thou must cut me down! But, oh! may I be prepared for thy scythe! May the LORD stand by me and comfort me, and cheer me; and may I find that death is an angel of life—that death is the portal of heaven; that it is the outward porch of the great temple of eternity; that it is the vestibule of glory!'

We must close: yet before we do so, let us record our conviction, that such assumptions as the subjoined, are not calculated to advance the usefulness of the preacher, the extension of the GREAT CAUSE which he advocates, or the expansion of that warm feeling of 'love to God and love to man' which burns and glows in other portions of the volume under notice. We mean, Brother SPURGEON, that it was not for you to say, in closing a discourse on so solemn, so awful a subject, as '*The Resurrection from the Dead*,' that you had been called a '*Hell-Fire Preacher*;' but that that same '*Hell-Fire Preacher*' your 'cast-out hearers might one day see looking down upon them, roasting in the fire!' It almost takes away from us our admiration for genius, our reverence for true fervor, sincerity, and devotion, to encounter such self-exultation—such human condemnation of any being, created by God, and sustained by His infinite goodness and mercy.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

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GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — 'PETER PROTEUS' is most welcome. He shall have '*An Opening for Enterprise*' 'right away.' We think we *know* him. Do we, or do we not? 'Expect so,' in one case or the other, '*any how*:' The '*Eight-Hundred-Dollar Fellow*' next month:

'On the western coast of Florida, and just at that point where the young State of the South assumes her peninsular form, are situated a very small group of very small islands, called Cedar Keys. And I cannot but express my astonishment at the unaccountable fact, that the advantages they possess have not attracted the attention of the Superintendent of the National Observatory at Washington; a *savant* so distinguished for his services in calling into notice places that were, up to the period of his making them known, supposed to be useless for the purposes of commerce, and which have been found so ever since.

'Of the important locality in question, (important at least in the estimation of some two dozen people who reside there,) but little seems to be known; and the more one learns respecting the place, the less necessity one sees for becoming more intimately acquainted. The inhabitants will tell you that a rail-road across the peninsula, now in the course of construction, under Floridian progress, (which would appear to be about a mile or so a year,) is going to make it a great emporium of trade. And they seem, at present, to be living on the interest of the fortunes they expect to make, by the immense rise of real estate, etc., whenever this does occur. On maps and plans the intended city presents an attractive aspect; but it may truly be said of it, that 'it must be seen, to be appreciated.' Outsiders say that the channel is not deep enough, nor the harbor large enough for the consummation of the wishes of the denizens of the place. But what do they know about it?

'These keys, or islands, are composed of shells and a lime-stone conglomerate of shells. I do not know the exact number of them, (some seven or eight, large enough to mention,) but they are so situated upon the sub-marine plateau which causes the vast expanse of shoal water, on this part of the Florida coast, as to force a channel among themselves and form a small harbor. The principal island is called Depot Key, from its having been used as a depot for the army during the Indian war in Florida — not because there is any thing deposited there now. It is upon this that the city is to be built. A diminutive, sharp old chap here, whom

we will call KEEN, commonly known as Judge KEEN — because he was formerly sutler to the army, I suppose — who was the original squatter, still owns the greater portion of it; and is willing, even now, (for the purpose of encouraging immigration,) to let some of his lots go at as low a price as five hundred dollars. The title given the place is *Atseena Olee*, which the largest landed proprietor says is Seminole for Cedar Key. But as cedar does not grow on this particular key — nor has it, within the recollection of the oldest inhabitant, (who has resided here permanently now for at least four or five years,) and as there is no Indian tradition handed down of its ever having grown on this particular key, some people are unable to see the appropriateness of the name. But these are only a few, who have no interest whatever in the place; and who are, in truth, inclined to doubt much that is told them respecting its probable sudden increase at no distant day.

‘These skeptics are also very slow to purchase lots at the present prices, although any body can see at a glance, upon viewing the plan of the city, how extremely eligible all the sites offered are. But as two credulous and sanguine settlers once had the hardihood to venture a speculation in the way of as many steam saw-mills, and as they were both ruined in a very short space of time, persons can hardly be blamed for entering cautiously into any kind of business here. Yet, I have the disinterested assurance of Judge KEEN, that the time is not far in futurity when fortunes in the particular line mentioned above, will readily be made. Certainly, nobody can possibly be more capable of seeing what these keys must eventually come to, than he! Ill-natured people, however, (and I am sorry to say there are a great number in Florida,) are inclined to deem him visionary; and seem disposed to swallow what he foretells in a sort of *cum grano salis* way, which evidently has the effect of irritating the little old gentleman to a great degree. His arguments are, some of them, prepared with great skill and care, and are delivered in a tone well becoming one who bears the title he does. One of them struck me very forcibly as being irresistibly conclusive: ‘For, Sir,’ said he to me one day, ‘if this place is not to be the receptacle on the one hand, and the outlet on the other, what place is?’ To be sure, he did not say what he expected to receive, nor what it might be found necessary to let out; but not wishing to appear ignorant in such matters as trade and commerce, I thought it most prudent not to demand an explanation.

‘In the absence of their resources to be developed, the productions of Cedar Keys are turtle, fish, and oysters. And this must be regarded as a providential circumstance, for without them the people would hardly be able to live upon their expectations. Deer and bear, too, are plentiful upon the neighboring main-land; and there is, at seasons, great abundance of feathered game. These would be a source of great profit to the hunter, if there were any here, and he could find a market for them. But in the absence of any such individual, the beasts and birds go unmolested, and the markets not yet brought into existence, unsupplied.

‘Believing that the statistics of the place must possess some interest, I give below the result of what I have been able to obtain, but not without much trouble and expense — for which I shall, of course, expect some remuneration:

*‘Arrivals and Departures, Port of Cedar Keys, Florida, for the Quarter ending March 31st, 1857.*

ARRIVALS.		DEPARTURES.	
<i>Vessels.</i>	<i>No.</i>	<i>Vessels.</i>	<i>No.</i>
Steamers,	0	Steamers,	0
Ships,	0	Ships,	0

ARRIVALS.		DEPARTURES.	
<i>Vessels.</i>	<i>No.</i>	<i>Vessels.</i>	<i>No.</i>
Barks,	0	Barks,	0
Brigs,	0	Brigs,	0
Schooners,	0	Schooners,	0
Oyster-Boat,	1	Oyster-Boat,	1
TOTAL,	1	TOTAL,	1

'RECAPITULATION. — Arrived. — 0 steamers, 0 ships, 0 barks, 0 brigs, 0 schooners, and 1 oyster-boat.

'Departed. — 0 steamers, 0 ships, 0 barks, 0 brigs, 0 schooners, and one oyster-boat.

'NOTE. — Beside the above, the United States Coast Survey schooner *Professor Benjamin Franklin Muggins*, arrived during the month of March: officers and crew all well.

'Imports and Exports, Port of Cedar Keys, Florida, for the Quarter ending March 31st, 1857.

'Imports. — Per Oyster-Boat, two hundred and fifty oysters, and one pet doe, to Judge KEEN.

'Exports. — 1 hlf. bbl. lime, 35 ft. pine plk., sld. to U. S. Coast Survey Schooner *Professor Benjamin Franklin Muggins*, by Judge KEEN.'

'And now I come — seriously, too — to the really good feature of the place. The climate I never saw equalled. According to my experience — and that is by no means limited — it is the most agreeable in the world. Two or three physicians have already been starved out of the place, and no other has yet been found willing to believe that practice here would afford him a support. The consequence is, that the key remains healthy. The records show that there has been one tooth extracted within the past year, and, also, that, during the same interval, two cases of fever and ague have been met with. But these latter were imported — one from the hammocks, toward the interior of the peninsula, and the other from the banks of a fresh-water creek, lined by marshes, and abounding with alligators, designated as Waccassassa River. The health statistics for the year are summed up in the following table, which was carefully prepared and handed me by the old woman who owns the medicine-chest. This contained half a vial of paregoric, and a pound of epsom salts, which she told me, in the strictest confidence, was all the medicine she wanted.

'Health of Atseena Otee, for the Year 1856.

T A B L E

of Diseases, Deaths, and Recoveries, at Atseena Otee, Cedar Keys, Florida, for the year 1856.

<i>Diseases.</i>	<i>Cases.</i>	<i>Died.</i>	<i>Recovered.</i>
Tooth-ache,	1	0	1*
Fever and ague,	2	0	2†
Total,	3	0	3

'RECAPITULATION. — 3 cases, 0 deaths, and 3 recoveries. Number of diseases, 2.'

'The above are few of the advantages possessed by this place. The inducement to settle, (especially to men of capital and consumption,) is very great. And I

\* Tooth pulled by SAM. JONES, with a pair of bullet-moulds, and an oyster-knife. Most successful operation.

† A suspension of shakes; to be renewed on return to main-land.

doubt not that within the coming century and a half, the population will have considerably augmented.

PETER PROTEUS.'

'PETER' must continue to favor us. - - - LORD NAPIER, the new British Minister at Washington, was recently a guest at the anniversary celebration of the *Festival of the St. George's Society* in this metropolis. His speech, in reply to a toast in his honor, was admirable and manly in every respect. Toward its conclusion, he said, amidst many interruptions of 'enthusiastic and prolonged applause:'

'I HAVE, since my arrival, sometimes observed an impression in the United States that the development of this country is regarded with jealousy by England. Gentlemen, this is an erroneous opinion. You will hear me out in the assertion that the last vestiges of former prejudices founded on the animosities of two unhappy wars are being very rapidly extinguished. The peaceful and legitimate expansion of the United States forms a matter of satisfaction and pride of every reasonable Englishman. That expansion forms the best resort and relief for our superabundant population; it forms the best market for our increasing industry; it is the triumph of our labor and our arts, of our language, our religion and our blood. No thoughtful Englishman can contemplate this unparalleled spectacle of future predominance without emotions of thankfulness and praise. No thoughtful foreigner can regard it without a sigh, because Providence has not reserved the future empire of the world for his own tongue and his own race. Gentlemen: these sentiments of sympathy and good-will, to which I give a feeble utterance, are, believe me, not rare or partial in our country, nor do I derive them from obscure authority. I have gathered these sentiments in the benevolent pages of a CARLISLE, in the wise conclusions of an ABERDEEN, and in the eloquent declarations of an ELGIN. I have heard these sentiments declared and enforced from the bench of the Government, and I have heard them echoed back from the benches of the Opposition. These sentiments have been inculcated upon me with sincere and careful emphasis by the Earl of CLARENDON, and by that noble VISCOUNT who is first in the councils and in the hearts of the British people.'

Well and nobly said, and well and widely, in our own country, has the feeling here expressed been reciprocated. We mention this circumstance here, for the purpose of introducing the subjoined extract from a letter written to us recently by an old school-fellow and friend of our boyhood. It was his 'destiny' to possess a benignant and happy fortune, which he has 'improved,' by foreign travel, the enjoyment of the arts, and the pleasure arising from the ennobling science of *cultivated* agriculture. He says: 'I send you a little dinner-speech, made on board HER MAJESTY'S Royal Mail Steamer *Canada*, on a voyage from Liverpool to New-York, October fifth, 1854; the very time of the loss of the ill-fated *Arctic*. The passengers were of various nations; Englishmen and Americans about equal in number. During the voyage there was the usual rivalry between the latter: Englishmen boasting of their achievements—Yankees bragging of their prospects and their ships. The last day of the voyage, at the dinner given by the Captain, a young American proposed the usual toast to the QUEEN, as follows:

'LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I will encourage your patience, by assuring you that I am not about to make a speech. I never did such a thing in my life. But I cannot express my appreciation of the sentiment I am about to offer, without a few preparatory remarks, which I hope you may consider pertinent. We have just left the homes of England, those homes that have given England her glory and her power on the earth. Since the establishment of these noble lines of steamers, thousands of my countrymen, ('Yankees,' as you term us,) have been enabled to admire and to feel the influence of those homes. They have returned to their native land proud to call England the 'Mother Country.' Thousands of others, English-

men, by the same facilities of intercourse, have been enabled to see those homes transplanted and multiplied on our western shores; and have returned, proud to call America, England's *Daughter*, a land of *homes*! where, of the great majority of men, it may be said, that each one owns and adorns a home, to win and attach his children. That land will become 'a people who will not forget God,' and can never be subjugated nor conquered.

"Home is a peculiar word. How it summons up the little joys of childhood, and the little sorrows too, that shade and brighten them! How its sound makes our heart-strings trill with more than *Æolian* melody; like the twittering song of birds, that sometimes, at dawn of day, wake us from gentle dreams. What a beautiful feature of the Christian religion it is, that our hopes of the after-life are made to depend on that repentance which requires us to 'become as little children.' So that in dying, we are only gladly 'going home.'

"But I was speaking of the homes of England; those vernal homes adorned by the ivy, the hawthorn, and the holly, from which have gone forth streams of influence and power among men, that history has even not yet recognized. Oh! if those homes could be transplanted to the Continent; if the hills and valleys of Europe could be dotted with such homes; how soon would the whole earth smile with moral beauty! But I am forfeiting my promise. I arose simply to propose the health of a LADY, who is not only a QUEEN, but a WIFE and a MOTHER — *The Queen of Great Britain and Ireland!*'

'This was received with 'three times three, and three more,' for the humble individual who offered it: whereupon was inaugurated (as Mrs. STOW always says) by far, one of the 'best times generally,' that ever took place on the unbounded bosom of the great deep. I send it to you because it expresses to my mind, the true glory of England — the moral of her life, and the sentiments we ought to entertain toward her.' - - - 'T is now some twelve moons wasted,' since an esteemed friend presented to us a greyhound; yet *not* a greyhound: for he was of the most delicate fawn-color; as smooth as the smoothest mole; and beautifully marked with a single diamond of blending-white, upon the top of his neck, near his head. He was *very* beautiful — very graceful — very affectionate: a Carolina friend fell in love with him, and 'proposed' for him: but he was 'engaged.' He was a link between our friend the donor and ourselves. He saw before him a 'divided duty': he was three days with his old master, a Hudson-river villager near us, and four days with his new one: and his advent was a sure precursor of a visit *from* one or the other, *to* one or the other, to the children of each. 'Father, TURK is here! — Mr. N — is coming:' or, 'Mother, Mr. C — is coming! — TURK is here!' How he would lie upon the sanctum-rug, and watch us, until we crossed our pen upon the elk-horns of our bronze ink-stand dish! How he would dash along the road, and dart over the fields! the gracefulest, as he was the fleetest of hounds. But he has gone! He followed by land his old master, and his old and favorite fellow-servant, a maiden steed, over the beautiful road to Hoboken; thence, at night-fall he went by ferry over to the city, and was straightway lost amidst the 'leagues of light, the roaring of the wheels.' Entreat him kindly, whoever has enticed him away, or is harboring him for a 'suitable reward.' Alas! this has long ago been offered! He is an affectionate creature. How he would bound at the name of 'TURK!' from our



lips at this moment! He has many winning ways that his present master knows not of. — Our youngest cat has gone, too; no one knows whither. *She* was a present, likewise, from a friend who found her (a found-ling) in a snow-bank, one night, 'yowling like sixty,' and brought her to the cottage in the pocket of his Raglan. She was a 'perfect beauty;' past description as to delicacy and variegation of colors; and the playfullest little thing conceivable. She was always in good spirits — always easily pleased with her amusements; now a rolling spool of cotton, now a corset-string, now a dangling suspender; now a moving pen, as she sat purring before us upon the sanctum-table, till even *her* eyes 'did wink, as 't were with over-watching.' And *she* has gone, too — went off in convulsions; and no man or woman knoweth her whereabouts to this day. We have had many a play-spell together. She was a knowing and 'cute quadruped: and as we entertained each other with our mutual sportive enjoyments, we could well say with MONTAIGNE: 'When any cat and I entertain each other with mutual apish tricks, (as playing with a garter,) who knows but that I make my cat more sport than she makés me? Shall I conclude her to be simple, that has her time to begin or refuse sportiveness as freely as I myself have? Nay, who knows but that our agreeing no better is a defect of my not understanding her language, (for doubtless cats talk and reason with one another,) and that she laughs at and censures my folly for making her sport, and pities me for understanding her no better?' 'Jus' so:' but, 'cats and dogs!' how we are running on! We propose, at this point, to 'dry up.' - - - TWENTY-THREE years ago this month we assumed control of this our beloved KNICKERBOCKER. In a brief 'Advertisement,' we then said, that the work was thereafter to 'depend upon the character which it should be able to acquire, rather than upon extraordinary announcements of the excellence to which it was to arrive. No exertions will be left unemployed to render the work honorable to American Periodical Literature, and acceptable to the public, whose patronage is only so far solicited as it shall seem to be deserved.' It is not for us to say how far this promise has been kept; but we certainly have 'done our best;' and surely, no Magazine, in this or any other country, has ever had a nobler or more distinguished list of contributors than the KNICKERBOCKER. And what it has been in the past, it will continue to be in the future. We have a large and constantly-increasing circulation; there is a strong *affection*, we are proud and happy to say, in the public mind, toward the work: and we mean to relax no effort to show our appreciation of it, and to reward it. All our old and favorite contributors will continue to contribute for our pages, with several new writers, who *will* be favorites in less than four months from this time. Among the many papers with which we hope and trust our readers will be greatly delectated, is a narrative in numbers, by Lieutenant FOXHALL A. PARKER, Jr., entitled '*Jack Jenkins, or the Life of a Midshipman*,' 'affectionately dedicated to the Officers, Seamen, and Marines of the United States Navy.' We hazard little in saying that it will prove as attractive as any thing which has appeared in these pages for many a long year. But 'N. S. M. J.:' 'Nough said among gentlemen.' - - - LAST night in

the sanctum, about eleven o'clock, we ate five sardines, with the accompaniment of a slice of nice sweet bread-and-butter. In about half-an-hour we went to bed; and in less than fifteen minutes thereafter we went over Niagara Falls in a small boat, and were smashed all to pieces on the rocks below, and 'drowned.' The last thing we remember, was swimming after our head, in the 'Whirlpool!' It was terrible! MEM: Never eat sardines just as you are going to bed. *Apropos* of Niagara: We saw, a day or two since, at the studio of Mr. CHURCH, in the old Art-Union Buildings, *the picture* of the Great Cataract: we say '*the picture*,' because it will be so considered, in our humble judgment, as long as that mighty flood shall pour its 'many waters' into the awful gulf beneath. *Sound* and *motion* are great concomitants of the sublimity of Niagara: and in scrutinizing Mr. CHURCH's *marvellous* picture, you seem to have almost even *these*. Look at those distant, *swashing*, commingling, piled-up Rapids: why, you not only seem to see them *in motion*, but you fancy you smell that *watery odor*, so peculiar to the multitudinous waves above the Falls: observe the density, the solidity of what looks like a vast revolving emerald cylinder; as you glance up at the head of the 'Horse-Shoe' from the 'Maid of the Mist,' wrapped in the ever-changing folds of the smoke-like cloud from below: regard the *rain-bow*, commencing at the west base of the fearful gorge, struggling through the vapory incense, that in calm or storm, in the day or in the night-season, rises ever toward the God who pours the great waters from His hollow hand, only to reappear *above* the mist, luminous, transparent, radiant from within, *by a light of its own*; see *this*, and then look at the perfect 'keeping' with the scene of the October landscape around: the pile of billowy clouds, which you *know* have arisen from the green bosom of Erie in the South. But, to adopt a homely yet expressive phrase, '*There's no use talking!*' The picture is extant. It was at once purchased at the artist's price, by Messrs. WILLIAMS, STEVENS AND WILLIAMS; it will be engraved by the first artists in England: and it will be known, long after the artist's eye shall be dead to color and his ear to sound, as THE '*Picture of Niagara Falls*.' ('Previous to which,' the publishers and proprietors will have made a fortune from the copy-right and sale of the engravings alone.) - - - We derive great pleasure from the perusal of the medical and surgical works which we receive; such as the '*Boston Medical and Surgical Journal*,' (one of whose editors is an old and always welcome correspondent of the KNICKERBOCKER, W. W. MORLAND, M.D.;) the '*Medical World*;' HALL's '*Journal of Health*;' Dr. DIXON's '*Scalpel*,' etc. A diligent study of these periodicals, for a considerable space of time, has brought us to the conclusion that we could 'practise' if we were so 'disposed.' We would call especial attention to a paper in the first-named periodical, upon *Kidney Lesions and Albuminuria*. It was from this article that we first learned the fact, now universally admitted in the best medical schools, and also by ministers of the Gospel, of nearly all denominations, (except Mormons,) that '*Epithelial desquamation of the tubuli is always the consequence of hyperæmia of the supra-canalicular and intercanalicular tissues, and of the Melpighian bodies*': involving, also, we take it of course, the symptomatology of hyperemæatic albuminuria. How

far the latter assumption may be generally received, we cannot say : but it seems to us, from the hasty thought we have been able to give to the subject, that if you admit the one, you must admit the other. A later number of the same journal has an admirable article upon the '*Haschisch, or Cannabis Indica.*' It is equal to 'MOORE'S Melodies.' - - - HAVE N'T we said, 'time and time ag'in,' that you must be careful what you say before the 'little people ?' 'That's so.' Well, here is a case in point : An English friend visits us from town : his 'speech bewrays him' to our little 'FIVE-YEAR-OLD,' without *his* knowing it, or *we* either. In speaking of *some* personage, at that time public — the name, which we forget, is not at all material — he said : 'He is a Humbug of the large blue kind.' Now, to know *how* he said this, take this echo of the little boy aforesaid, one subsequent night at the table, when there was a tea-'reception,' *en famille*, in the dining-room. It was most *malapropos*, too, for we had just 'paid a compliment' to a beautiful young lady, a circumstance which, with us, seldom happens ; when outspoke the wee bairnie : 'Fäder, you're a *Nembeg of the lawge ble-ew-ke-yind !*' The imitation was *perfect* ; it was from memory, too ; and the only fault of the remark was in its application. This is the same offspring of whom we have once before made mention, as evincing extraordinary readiness to enter the cottage at most at the very commencement of a heavy shower, and whose knowledge of beans, for one so youthful, has been regarded by all our friends who have spoken *to us* upon the subject, as being something 'more than usually remarkable.' - - - THEY must have had 'great times' at the *Celebration of the Centennial Anniversary of the Introduction of the Art of Printing into New-Hampshire,* at Portsmouth, in that State, if we are to judge from a printed sketch of the proceedings, now before us, containing the oration, poems, decorations, sentiments, letters from invited guests, etc., for which we return our thanks to EDWARD N. FULLER, Esq., publisher, of Portsmouth. The orator of the day, REV. ANDREW B. PEABODY, D.D., acquitted himself of his task. Our friend FIELDS and SHILLABER, of Boston, are thus deservedly complimented :

'We feel not a little proud of the laurels won by our native poets. There is FIELDS, the MÆCENAS among our publishers, whose delicate generosity is owned at once by world-famous authors across the Atlantic and by many a school-boy in the place of his birth, and whose verse, pure, sweet, chaste, mellifluous, seems but the transcript of a character which to know is to esteem and love. There is our good Dame PARTINGTON, whose pen is as utterly incapable of exhausting her brain-wealth of droll conceits and merry quips, as was her English namesake's broom of throwing back the rising flood-tide from her cottage-floor. There is LAIGERON, whose Sybilline leaves we suffer to remain ungathered, but were they blown to us from beyond the ocean, we should long ago have had the straylings impounded in gilt morocco, and they will yet give him fame equal to his modesty and commensurate with his worth. There is ALDRICH, whose brilliant prose-poem just issued more than fulfils the fair promise of his juvenile verse, and is a wonderfully rich out-cropping of a golden vein of creative fancy and picturesque delineation. There is also a troop of poetesses, whose modesty would be justly wounded were I to name them here ; the laureates of almost all our civic and religious festivals, the chroniclers of departed worth, the frequent angels of peace and consolation to the bereaved.'

SHILLABER, (blessed old Dame PARTINGTON!) was the poet; and a capital 'effort' he put forth. Two or three verses will show its style and spirit:

'I've had a spirit message come, rapped out in sturdy raps,  
From those who years have vanished, but who still are on their taps;  
And it gives a pleasant history of things long passed away,  
Brought by my *grave* communicants once more to light of day,  
Who've anxious seemed, although removed, to let the people know  
Just how they managed things down here a hundred years ago.

'Then these were warlike scenes and times: militia men were drawn  
To march with PEPPERELL, the knight, and Col. WILLIAM VAUGHAN;  
And tales of their brave deeds were long by fire-sides in vogue,  
Where bold Sir WILLIAM, he and VAUGHAN, went down to Chapeaugogue,  
And let the French and Indians learn that Yankees were not slow  
In fighting for the cross and crown a hundred years ago.

'Then there was Colonel ATKINSON, and Colonel NAT. MESERVE,  
Two fire-eating sons of guns, of most undoubted nerve,  
Who led the brave New-Hampshire men by forest and by sea,  
To drive forth from their fastnesses the savage enemy;  
For the 'heathen round about' were strong, and meant the people wo—  
But Christian prayers and swords prevailed, a hundred years ago.

'Our sires were loyal to the king, and caps were wildly swung  
When, British arms triumphant, 't was told glad crowds among,  
And when Quebec was captured, the guns and bells proclaimed  
The joy, and fires on Windmill Hill in cheerful brightness flamed;  
Processions moved about the streets, and punch in streams did flow:  
Ah! those were rum old times indeed, a hundred years ago.'

We were not before aware that DENNIE, who sleeps in St. PETER's church-yard in Philadelphia, was a native of New-Hampshire. His 'Lay Preacher' was written for 'The Farmer's Museum,' which he edited and published at Walpole; the humorous ROYAL TYLER, afterward Chief-Justice of Vermont, STORY, FESSENDEN, and others eminent in that day being his coadjutors. 'Good things' on all sides, 'upon this occasion.' CHARLES W. BREWSTER, Esq., Editor of the '*Portsmouth Journal*,' read a complimentary poem to '*The Poets of Portsmouth*,' in which he poured out a stream of amusing local name-puns. Of Mrs. PARTINGTON he said:

'DEEP in the memory of each mother's son  
Rests the rare fame of Mistress PARTINGTON:  
All misused terms of right belong to her,  
The humorous victim of our SHILLABER.'

Mr. FULLER, Editor of the '*New-Hampshire Gazette*,' responded to a toast from the Mayor, '*Franklin and the Art of Printing*,' in an appropriate and graceful manner; while letters were read from distinguished invited guests, who found it impossible to be present: among them, FRANKLIN PIERCE, then our PRESIDENT, EDWARD EVERETT, LEWIS CASS, R. C. WINTHROP, OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, etc. Accompanying the copy of the 'Celebration' sent us, was a perfect fac-simile of the first number of the first paper ever printed in New-Hampshire, the '*New-Hampshire Gazette*,' of Thursday, October 17, 1756. The old-fashioned type, even the paper itself, in color and texture, are in *exact* imitation of the little original sheet, printed by DANIEL FOWLER, assisted by PRIME, a negro, who lived to the age of ninety without being able to read or write, but who was held in great reverence for his 'learning,' by reason of the fact that he helped to 'work off' that stupendous journal.

WE have received the following letter from our esteemed correspondent, PAUL SIOGVOLK, the distinguished Pole, whose '*Schediasms*' have so often delighted our readers. Let the suit be instituted; and if resisted, let it be carried up on a sasherarar. (See HILL's Rep. § 8: p. 1585: also JOHNS, Just, (HENYAN v. ROOSTAIR,) p. 1829.) As to the matter alluded to in the postscript, it is not convenient. Our 'plan,' with specifications, of the 'Persuader' handsomely framed, hangs in the 'KNICKERBOCKER Hall' of Captain FOLGER, near Piermont, and is every day consulted by persons in Rockland County, who come from all the country round to purchase patents. Eggs in consequence have *fallen*: 'twelve for a shilling' 'rules,' as a general thing. Our 'bos-rooster, BRIGHAM YOUNG, considers this as 'not paying.' There is no 'strike,' however; for HEBER KIMBALL, BRIGHAM's first mate, is still willing to work at that price: so that, after all, 'things is workin':

'New-York, May 7, 1857.

'L. G. CLARK, Esq.: DEAR SIR: I cut this from last evening's *Post*:

'HEN-PERSUADERS.'—The Springfield *Republican*, in speaking of a new invention for a hen's nest, whereby the eggs drop through a trap-door, and so deceives the hen that she keeps on laying, is responsible for the following:

'BLOBBS met with a loss, however, with one of the persuaders. BLOBBS had a lovely young Shanghai pullet of boundless ambition. BLOBBS bought a Persuader, and his lovely Shanghai used it. She went upon the nest in the morning. BLOBBS saw her go, and his heart bounded within him! Alas! he never saw her come off again. At night he visited the Persuader. In the upper compartment was a handful of feathers, a few toe-nails and a bill. In the lower compartment were three dozen and eleven eggs! BLOBBS saw it all! Her delicate constitution had been unequal to the effort, and, fired by young ambition, she had laid herself all away.'

'I have taken advice of a leading lawyer here, and he says it is a clear case of infringement of 'THE PATENT.' He advises that 'an action' be instituted at once. He is willing to undertake it and 'to bear all expenses and divide the profits.' He says these are the terms upon which the 'New Code' encourages and approves of lawyers doing business, although it was unlawful and dishonorable before. I think the terms fair, and have told him to 'go ahead.' We will see if KNICKERBOCKER thunder can be plundered in this way. Yours very truly,

PAUL SIOGVOLK.

'P. S.—Would it not be a good time to issue a wood-cut of the model, with the explanations, in order to warn off other trespassers? I forgot to say I have already 'employed' Professor MAPES as a witness, to explain the machinery to the jury upon the trial.

P. S.'

PROFESSOR H. P. GOODRICH writes to the Editor of the *St. Louis Republican*, in relation to the COMET which, it is predicted, is going to shiver our 'globe' in June, that that erratic body, sweeping its 'awful cycle,' is a good way off, and that it may not be so, after all: 'The nucleus, or orb, of all comets, is very small, and most likely entirely *gaseous*. The tail of a comet, which is most feared as the besom of destruction, is so thin that you can *see stars through it*. It cannot hit the old Earth a harder blow than she could probably endure without much damage. There is *no proof on record* that any comet ever affected our atmosphere or our seasons in the least. The cold seasons of comet-years can all be explained as easily as the cold seasons of years when there were no comets.' Another correspondent of the '*Republican*,' (it *might* be JOHN PHOENIX himself,) who under-signs 'P.,' says that he was greatly astonished to see the article in question. The writer, he remarks, might with equal propriety and plausibility come forward and assert that there is no sun in the solar system, and defy con-

tradition, as to take the course he has regarding this comet. It is said that the spicy compound formed to give zest to the flesh of the female of the species *anser*, is equally palatable when used with that of the male : assertion must be met by assertion : and 'P.' goes on to assert :

'FIRST : That there *are* astronomical calculations of the orbit of the coming comet, that warrant the prediction that it will touch the earth : I made 'em myself.

'SECONDLY : Science *can* calculate the orbit of this eccentric comet, no matter how long its period ; and I predict unhesitatingly, that the comet now approaching, will come in contact with the Earth on the morning of the sixteenth of June, about twenty minutes after ten o'clock, and the point of contact will be in the vicinity of a place called Vide Poche, or Carondelet.

'THIRDLY : The nucleus of this comet is very large, and composed of the bisulphuretted carbonate of the protoxide of manganese. The tail is chlorine, and although you cannot *see stars* through it, they will probably be seen by many individuals at the time of the collision.'

Professor GOODRICH replies to this, demanding the astronomical 'elements of the calculations,' which 'P.' says *can* be made, and which he *has* made, that warrant that the comet will touch the Earth !

'SOLD ag'in,  
And got the tin !'

SEVERAL of our religious contemporaries, and not a few clergymen, are urging the general establishment of free seats in churches, that *all* may hear the preached word.' Rutgers-street church, under the lead of one of the most eminent ministers in the Presbyterian Church, makes ample provision in this kind in its own house of worship, as do many other churches of other and various denominations in the metropolis ; where even pew-rents are so reasonable that any one who can afford to pay at all, may hire a seat. But where pews in fashionable churches ( '*fashionable churches* !' — do but think of the term ! ) are put up at auction, what chance is there for a person of moderate means to obtain a seat ? That acute observer and eminent philosopher, 'DOESTICKS,' well sets forth the evils of this pew-auction system. He attends a crowded one :

'I VERY soon discovered,' he says, 'that no 'dead-heads' were allowed on this line, and that if a man could n't pay, he was put off the train. After some preliminary chat about the foreign news, the state of the markets, the hope of a revival of religion, the rise in 'Eric,' the progress of the work of grace, and price of pork, the lowly ones gathered around, and the sale began. Those pews nearest the pulpit, or perhaps I should say, those seats next the locomotive, were sold first : they brought seventy, eighty, and even one hundred and twenty dollars premium : the price was to be paid merely for a choice of seats, in addition to the regular rent. I instantly saw that I had n't money enough to take a first-class cabin passage, but hoped there might be a place for me somewhere. JONES bought a ticket, and SMITH, and TOMPKINS ; but there was not a single seat that came down to my pile ; and I felt I must give up the journey, or find a cheaper conveyance, for I certainly could n't afford to go to heaven at such exorbitant rates.'

He makes a little 'calculation,' and finds that to be saved at *that* church would be a greater expense to him than his sins had ever been : 'Prayers cost me forty cents an hour, and sermons four dollars and a half apiece : and if I'm as great a sinner as the minister says I am, it would break the Bank of England to get me 'into the fold : ' unless they can get a heavy discount, I fear I shall have to give it up, and go to the devil.' Let no reader assume



that this is 'making light of sacred things : ' it is treating, in at least an *effective* way, a matter which, as we have said, is attracting wide attention among various clergymen, and the metropolitan and religious press of the country. - - - Our readers will welcome as cordially back to our pages as we do, our old and frequent correspondent, 'BEVERLY.' We trust that the following beautiful sketch may be only the opening to a series of kindred brief records of incidents in the writer's travels and sojourn in Europe :

'THE recent sad death of this distinguished Scotchman, another victim to an over-worked brain, recalls to my remembrance the living man as I saw him one bright summer morning more than a year ago, in Edinburgh. He was standing in front of SCOTT'S monument, lost in contemplation over the genius of one who fell, as he, poor man, was to fall, a martyr to intellectual toil. No sooner was he pointed out to me as HUGH MILLER than my eyes were riveted upon him, as my mind had been some months before upon that most remarkable book, 'The Vestiges of Creation.' He stood there before me, a massive, rough-hewn and broad-chested man, who looked as if really, to use his own words, 'he could lift breast high the lifting-stone of the Dropping Cave of Cromarty.'

'There he lingered in front of that beautiful monument. The hurrying crowd went by, and all the stirring toil of the busy street was around him, but he heeded not; his own great mind was communing with the spirit of the past, and recalling the toils and triumphs of that mighty master of romance, who had woven a spell around every lake and mountain of his native land, and to whose memory a grateful people had erected this beautiful memorial. I could not help being struck, as I gazed upon him standing on that sacred spot with head uncovered, at the massiveness of his brain. It was a head requiring a hat that would certainly extinguish nine-tenths of the men of my acquaintance. His countenance was cast in the mould of Scotch ugliness, but its hard lines and stern features were redeemed by the soft light of as gentle a blue eye as I ever saw in woman. Coming from the east coast of Scotland — from that half-Scandinavian population which inhabit the shores of the German Ocean from Fife to Caithness, with the blood of several venturesome sailors and drowned men in his veins, his physical appearance had, I must confess, somewhat of the rudeness and roughness of his origin. But no one could see that broad, massive brow overhanging those mild, tender eyes, without feeling that he was gazing upon no ordinary man. I did not presume to intrude upon the solemnity of his thoughts, standing there in the full majesty of his manhood, with head uncovered, before Scotland's most consecrated shrine. Soon he mingled in the throng of that busy street, and I saw him no more.

'It has been but a few months since we heard of his death — and such a death !

'Who could read with dry eyes that sad note to his once 'fair-haired lassie' of Cromarty, for whom, at the mature age of thirty, he had left the humble pursuits of a stone mason, to hew out for himself, in the modern Athens, a monument more durable than rock ? In that sad note, written when the mental chords were all jangling and out of tune, how the agonized soul groans forth its anguish :

'DEAREST LYDIA : My brain burns ! A fearful dream arises before me ! I cannot bear the horrible thought ! GOD and FATHER of my LORD JESUS, have mercy upon me.'

'A short hour of comparative quiet after writing these sad words, the horrible vision, whatever it was, returns, and in the midst of the thick darkness the light of that glorious mind goes out, and he falls by his own hand.'